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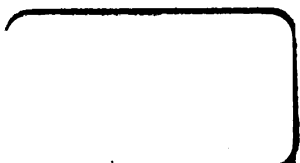


G. W. MOORE'S
ETHIOPIAN
ANECDOTES & GOAKS.

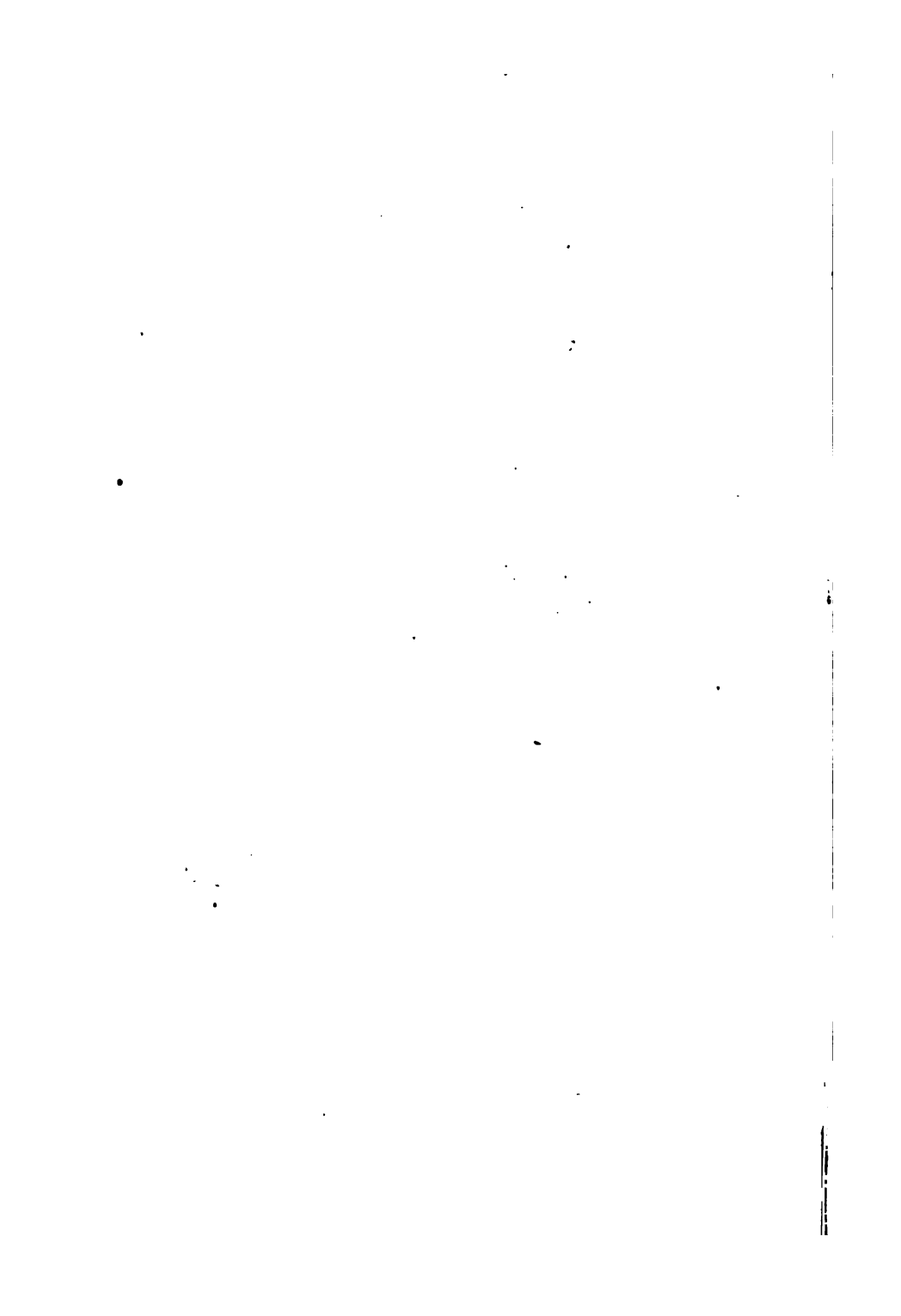
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13. PATERNOSTER ROW.



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THIS SMALL COLLECTION OF

ETHIOPIAN ANECDOTES

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

RICHARD WARD PELHAM,

THE FOUNDER OF NEGRO MINSTRELSY,

WHOSE VALUABLE ASSISTANCE,

AND KIND CO-OPERATION,

THE WRITER FEELS PROUD TO ACKNOWLEDGE.



P R E F A C E.

Firstly :—A few words of explanation to my patrons and the public.

“Why are these ‘black’ utterances given forth?” is asked.

A natural enquiry, white folks, and I’ll tell you :

Not that these *dark sayings* will shew you the negro from *a new point of hue* do I bring him prominently forward in *black and white*, but as a test, for :

Seated in my corner, night after night, I have seen smiles on every lip, and I have heard the merry laughter, from the ripple to the roar, resound throughout the hall.

Then, I have thought, if young and old find so much amusement in the faithful delineations of the eccentricities of

the ebony race, may I not extend the knowledge of their homely witticisms to readers, and not hearers only? Hence my little book.

Secondly:—As to the carrying out of my idea in the following pages:

A representation of the sayings and doings of the negro, necessitates a slight wandering from the rules of Massa Lindley Murray; those of my readers who have perused the far-famed *Uncle Tom*, will understand that the dialect of the negro must be retained, even though it should be at the sacrifice of grammar, in order that the *rugged charm* may be preserved.

I feel that I cannot say more without giving this introduction the character of a nigger dictionary.

It may not, however, be time wasted to take this opportunity of calling attention to one or two of the leading characteristics of the *man of colour*.

I have seldom heard a negro say *yes* or *no* in answer to a question; for instance, if he were asked to have a glass of brandy, (and he felt that he required the stimulant) he would very probably reply, "Pass it 'long," "Han' im ober," or

“Tote dat dis wa ;” but if he did not feel inclined to accept the *fire-water*, he would say, “Ho’s yu torkin tu ? Dun did kum fulin yor time roun’ dis chile wid dat stuff.”

Their fondness for music, whether vocal or instrumental, is well-known, and their quaint ditties, wedded to eccentric melodies, and played upon the banjo, fiddle, tambourine, and bones, make the plantation and *de ball* the scene of Ethiopian delight.

Wonder is often excited at the extraordinary selection of names by negroes for their children, taken, for the most part, from Scripture and ancient and modern history, such as Brutus, Julius, Diogenes, Napoleon, Washington, &c., abbreviated, as they grow up among their fellows, to Bru, Jule, Diog, Nap, Wash, &c., so in the same fashion the dark ladies who have received the names of Cleopatra, Flora, Clementina, Deborah, &c., find themselves addressed as Clo, Flo, Clem, and Deb.

Thirdly and Lastly :—In the following collection will be found a few narrations which may, by some, be styled *out-landish*. Still, I would venture to hope that they may possess an interest for many, by reason of the natural humour always lying at the root of the discourse, which, though occasionally tending towards the *rough*, cannot be said to

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degenerate into the *coarse*; therefore, to all who read my little book, I say as Shakespeare says (a little altered), "Are there any among you who like not a laugh? if any, speak, for him have I offended." If no voice answer, then I sit me down again in my corner, satisfied that all I have written here is intended for the amusement of those kind friends whom I have seen before me on the right-hand and on the left for many, many nights, and for as many more of my generous patrons who may come in and join the "laughing ring."

GEORGE WASHINGTON MOORE.

ETHIOPIAN ANECDOTES.

THE DOCTOR.

Johnson. Wat wus you doin in dat carrage tu-day ?

Bones. I am a doctor.

J. Yu are a nice lookin doctor.

B. Yu thort dat bekase yu an I startid sellin fuzees tuggeder, I wus gwine tu stop, oh ! no, not I.

J. If yu are a doctor, how mani degrese hab yu got ?

B. How mani de wat ?

J. How mani degrese hab yu got ?

B. Two, dar is onli two.

J. Wat are dey ?

B. M.D. and A.S.S. No, F.R.S.

J. Wat's de meanin ob dat ?

B. Fellar ob de Royal Sope Bilers.

J. How did yu bekum a doctor ?

B. I kummence frum de foundashun.

J. Wat's dat ?

B. Cleanin hosses—bimeby I wus prenticed tu de doctor, an he lef me carri out de fissick wid him, an wun da he wus wisitin his pashunts an I diskubered de hole secret.

J. How did yu manige dat ?

B. De doctor wus quested tu visit a pashunt, an as he went in he lef de dor open, an I sor him fele de man's puls, an tole him tu put out his tung, an de doctor tole him he had bin neglectin his advice, "yu have been eating

oysters;" so wen he kum out, I ax him how he new de man had bin etin oysters, de doctor sed it wus plane nuff, he sor de oyster shells under de bed. Frum dat minnet I resolve tu be a doctor; ebbery time de doctor went out an lef me in de surgery, insted ob redin dose yaller kubered books I kummence practisin on de meddersins, mixin dem up altugedder in a flower pot, an givin dem tu de littel boys dat playd pegtop in our alley, an watchin wat effeck it had on dere faces nex da; now an den I bort a forpenni wax dol tu see how de human frame wus made. So wun da in kum a man, "Whar's de doctor?" "I'm de doctor." I wus as bole as a shepe; he tole me dar wus a man nex dore in grate agony. So I grabb up de tongs, shubel, an a pare ob bellers, an den I went; dere wus a man lade on de bed same as de doctor's pashunt; I pull off his butes, felt his puls, an tole him tu frow out his tung, I den tole him he had bin neglectin my advice; he sed he neber had my advice; I sed, "how dare yu spute the fakelte? I'll hit yu wid de bellers," an I sor in a minnet wat ailed de man.

J. Wat wus de matter wid him?

B. Whi de man had bin etin a hoss.

J. How did yu no dat?

B. Bekase I sor de saddel an bridel under de bed.

COMPARISON OF A LADY TO A BOWL OF PUNCH.

Put in de water, den de wine, arter dat de sugar, den kums de lemon. Did yu eber hear me kompare a ladi tu a bowl ob punch? "Well, dere's de wine, dat's de strength ob her affeckshun; de water, dat's de purity ob her nater; gar, dat's de sweteness ob her temper; de lemon, dat's mess ob her tung wen she kiks up a row wid yu;

de bowl, dat's de surkel ob her domestic quaintance; de ladle shows yu wat spunes she can make ob us.

A HEAVY BLOW.

Sam. Sa, Bones, did yu here de news? We had de gratest blo doun our wa.

Bones. Wat a kurry kane?

S. Yes, wun ob dem kurricanes kum doun, and jus blow eberyting in de vilage hi, lo, Jack, an de game, it blow ebery house up, didn't lebe wun, blow ebery house up but mine.

B. But yors! how wus it yure house wusnt blone up?

S. We had a heaby morgage on it, dat kep it doun.

B. Oh, we had wun ob dem in our vilage.

S. Wat, a blo?

B. No, we had a fire.

S. A fire?

B. Yes, red hot; jus kum in de vilage in de nite, an burn ebery house doun; den it kum in mi house, went up in de sellar, doun in de garret, all ober de furnitur, an neber spilt a ting.

S. (astonished) Neber spilt a ting?

B. No, we sabe eberyting in de house but de pianner.

S. Whi coodn't yu sabe de pianner.

B. Bekase de engines coodn't pla on de pianner.

HISTORY QUESTION.

Sam. Wat's de matter, Bones? yu look so pale.

Bones. Du I? I gess I don't drink nuff.

S. Dat's not it, yu study too much.

B. Dat's it, Sam, I'm studine histore.

S. Dat's good, wat kine ob histore?

B. Jack de Giant Killer, Ole Mudder Hubberd, Dame Trot, Blue Skins an his Pals, an——

S. Dose are not histore.

B. Well, dey got nice pickters in, anihow.

S. Now I'm berry fon ob histore. I hab jus finish de perrusel ob de Histore ob Ferdinand an Isabel, or de dark ages ob de fifteenth century.

B. Jus so, how is Isabella?

S. She wus well in de fifteenth century.

B. Well she mus be helthy by dis time; did yu eber rede De Red Man ob Wechawken, or De Bluddy Ax ob de Cadwalladers?

S. No, sur.

B. Did yu eber rede de Swaskinashun ob Otello de Black Moke?

S. No, dat's too dark a subjeck fo me, I don't like aniting dark.

B. Yu had better tuck in yure sine den.

S. Yes, abhor aniting dark, I'll tell yu whi—I spose yu no in de fus place dat I'm an ole trabeller?

B. Oh yes, many a nite yuve trabelled tu de man in de mune.

S. No, I mene I hab visited seberal pints ob de globe, an a fu years ago I wus trabellin in Kallerfoneer, wile dere an axerdent happen tu me wich made me deslike blak tings eber since.

B. Tell us, Sam.

S. Yu mus no I wus trabellin wid a pack ob mules.

B. Yu wus de hed mule ob de pack.

S. I had gorn but a short distance wen a big black bar jump out frum de Chapperel on me, an wus jus in de act

ob devourin me, wen all ob a sudden he fell back lifeless, an I tink dat wus de blakest thing I eber sor.

B. De Phapperell fin out lifeless?

S. No, de bar jump at me an fell ded at my fete.

B. (excited) Did he kum klose tu yu?

S. He did.

B. Did he put his klorse on yu so?

S. Yes.

B. Did he hug yu?

S. Yes.

B. Did yu hab pumatum on yure har?

S. Yu no I albays hab pumatum on mi har.

B. I no whi he fell back lifeless.

S. Whi?

B. Bekase he smell de grese ob his forefarders an he weakened.

S. Now dis is de darkest ting I eber sor.

B. Oh, I'be sene darker tings dan dat. I'be sene a bline darkey ob a dark nite gwine up a dark alley wid a dark lantern lookin doun a dark dungen fo a blak kat.

THE ALMANACK.

Sam. Sa, Bones, I wus doun tu see yu tudder da, an I herd yu tell de servant tu sa yu wus out.

Bones. Yes, I'm bery bisse now, Sam.

S. I sor yu writin in de kitchen, it wus a bery warm da, wat wus yu doin dere?

B. I wus gittin de sea breze ob de gutters. Yes, Sam, I'm gwine tu make a fortin, I'm writin a book.

S. Wat's de name ob de book?

B. It's an almerneck—a new almerneck.

S. Wat's red on?

B. Well I'll tell yu eberyting dat happens ; if it sno yu kan see it, if yu git wet in de rane yu can fele it.

S. Kan yu gib me de sines ob de wedder as dey okur in yure almerneck ?

B. Now for instunce, kummencin in de fus preface, de sines kum dus—if yu kat poke its hed in a kan ob milk, dat's a sine it's dry. If yu see two men fitin, one nocks de oder doun, an den kiks him—dat's foul ; but if de oder man jump up an nocks him doun—dat's fair. If a pleeceman tucks em both tu de stashun house—dat's a clearin off. If yu see a man kumin doun de street wid a jolly red nose—dat's a sine ob hevvy wet. If yu see a man go intu Morley's Hotel tu git his dinner, an he lebes an ole hat on de rack kums out agin an tucks a new one—dat's changerbel. If a man gits hum at three o'clock in de mornin, an his wife jump up an nocks him doun wid a pare of bellers, whi dat's windy. But Sam if eber yu go in a house an see a kradel—

S. Wat den ?

B. Den yu kan look out fo skwalls.

GOLD AND PAPER.

Bones. Sa, Sam, yu no Sam Depsey ? Well I sene him de oder da, an he so much monne he didn't no whar tu slepe, he tole me he thort he would go in de pore house.

Sam. I'm glad tu here it cos he's a good man.

B. Yes, an he wus so glad tu se me, my goodness, I neber saw anyone so glad tu see me as he wus.

S. Plenti ob monne yu say ?

B. Whi, Sam, he wus throwin suberins in de strete.

S. Throwin suberins in de strete ?

B. Yes, but he had a string tached tu pull dem back

agin. Oh yes, he made me drink wid him, an he wus so glad tu see me he tuck my han an squoze it.

S. He did wat?

B. He squoze it.

S. No, he squeezed yor han.

B. No, he squoze my han.

S. I say he squeezed yor han.

B. No, sir! I kan pruve it's squoze. Don't Murray say rise, rose, risen?

S. Yes.

B. Well, den, it's squeeze, squoze, squizen.

S. Well, did he stan drinks?

B. Yes, he call fo a bottel ob ink.

S. Black or blu?

B. Green—I mean seal.

S. Wat did he call fo, wine?

B. Yes, an he fro doun a suberin on de kounter, an barkeper woodn't tuck it.

S. Woodn't tuck it—was it good?

B. Yes, it wus good, but he sed he wood radder hab a poun note.

S. Radder hab a poun note dan a suberin?

B. Yes, cos it wus worf mo.

S. A poun note worf mo dan a suberin—whi how kan dat be?

B. Now, fo instance, wen yu go hum tu-nite yu tuck a poun note an put it in yure pocket beok, yu dubbel it don't yu?

S. Yes.

B. Well, tuck it out in de mornin an yu will fine it in creases.

HORSE.

Bones. Mr. Johnson, du yu no I startid sum time ago tu go frum Lundun tu Liverpool, an I wus radder hard up at de time, an konsequently I had tu go on foot. Well, arter I had walk bout seben mile on de journey, all ob a sudden wat du yu tink I sor, a hoss tied up tu a tree by de rodeside.

Johnson. Wat a fortarnet ting fo yu.

B. So I thort, but wen I got up tu de hoss dere wus a gemman lyin doun fas aslepe under de tree, he wus de man wat de hoss belong tu. Well, I wus pootti tired, so I thort I'd ax de gemman if he wood len me de hoss so I kood procede on my journey, an wat du yu tink?

J. I'm sure I don't no.

B. Well, sir, he wus tu proud tu wake an answer me, so I flectid a littel tu mysef, an tinks I, praps de man ma be tired an woodn't like tu wake up out ob his slepe; yu woodn't like tu be woke up out ob yor slepe, wood yu now?

J. No, sur, I certanly wood not.

B. So I thort, so I didn't disturb de gemman ani furder, but jus unti de hoss an tuck him awa wid me.

J. Yu did bery rong.

B. Yu no Mr. Johnson dat's jus wat struck me, I hadn't got mo dan phree or four miles on de journey bphor mi konshuns tole me I had dun rong.

J. Yu had, sur, bery rong indede.

B. Mi konshuns tole me it wus rong tu tuck aniting dat didn't blong tu me.

J. So it is, sur.

B. Furdermore my konshuns tole me it wus rong tu kepe aniting wat didn't blong tu me.

J. So it is, sur.

B. It is rong tu kepe aniting dat don't blong tu yu, aint it now?

J. Bery rong indede, sur.

B. Dat's jus wat I thort, so I went an sole it.

J. Wat did yu git fo it, sur?

B. Six months.

GRAMMAR.

John. I herd yu bin tu kollege.

Bones. Yes, sur, I bin dere.

J. Wat part ob speech is de word egg?

B. Egg is a noun.

J. Wat is de kase?

B. De kase is de outside—de shel.

J. De gender—maskyline or femmynine?

B. Yu kant tole till it's hatch.

HOW HIGH?

John. How are yu tu-nite, Bones?

Bones. Kine ob hi.

J. How hi?

B. Kine ob Shang hi.

THE TWO EVILS.

John. How du yu fele tu-nite, Bones?

Bones. I fele so nice I kan taste it, I'm in lub.

J. Den yu mus be happe.

B. I'm in lub wid two, an dere is a difference btwene de two, one is a littel coker nut heded kulered gal, de oder is a big kulered ladi, whate phre hundred pouns, I don't no wich tu chuse.

J. I dwise yu tu tuck de large wun.

B. De ole sayin is a good wun.

J. Wat is dat ?

B. Ob de two ebils albays chuse de least.

Pompey. I no wat I wood du, I'd tuck de fat wun.

J. Whi so ?

P. Cos if a littel pece ob sugar be swete, a big pece will be sweter.

J. He has got de bess ob yu, Bones.

B. Yu see agin, Johnson, if a littel pece ob lemon is sour, a big pece mus be souerer.

FROM HOME.

John. How du yu fele tu-nite, Bones ?

Bones. I fele like a mice, I got a letter frum hum tu-da.

J. Wat is de news frum hum ?

B. Dad sa we are gwine tu hab anudder hard winter, owin tu de bad krops ; he says de littel pertaters will be de smalles dis yere, an de milk is so bad de creme kant reach de top ob it, an he tinks de onli ting dat will rise dis yere will be his rent.

WHOOPIING COUGH.

John. How du yu fele tu-nite, Bones ?

Bones. Fusrate, got a letter frum hum.

J. Ah ! how's all de fokes ?

B. Dey are all well cept Mary Jane.

J. Wat is de matter wid her ?

B. She has got de whooping korf.

J. Dus she git no better ?

B. Oh yes, she hasn't got much korf now, but she got de hoops orful bad.

DENTIST.

Bones. I fele kine ob cunlulus.

J. Whi anyone wood tink yu whar a pugilist.

B. I am wun ob dose fellers.

J. Indede, I albay's thort yu whar a dentis.

B. So I am, a dentis an a pugilist is all de same, almust, but not quite.

J. How du yu make dat out?

B. All de difference dere is, de dentis puts in de teef an de pugilist he nocks out de teef.

NIGHTMARE.

Johnson. Bones, I had a drefful dreame de oder nite.

Bones. Wat wus it, Johnson?

J. I dreame I wus klimin up a cage, ebery littel wile I stop tu rest, den up, up I would go, I wus tired, de fact is I had a real nitemare.

B. Den whi didn't yu git on it an ride up de hill?

THE FIGHT.

Bones. I had a fite tu-da, Johnson, yes, an got whipp'd.

Johnson. Wus de oder man bigger dan yu?

B. He wus littler dan me.

J. Well, how did yu kum tu let a little man whip yu?

B. He was a good dele madder dan me.

SHAKESPEARE.

Johnson. Bones, I saw yu gwine intu a ponbroker's shop de oder day.

Bones. Did yu see me? whar wus yu?

J. Yes, gemmen, I saw him, he look bery misterius,

he seeme tu be in trubbel, an he had a bery large book under his arm.

B. I had a book under my arm, well, ebery ackter has a book. Did yu see me?

J. Yu an ackter! I didn't no dat; but wat wus yu gwine in de ponbrokers wid yor book fo?

B. I wus gwine in fo tu spout Shakespeare.

THE DOG.

Bones. Mr. Johnson, did yu eber see dat littel dog I used tu hab?

Johnson. Yes, Bones, I blebe I did.

B. I los him las weke.

J. Yu did?

B. Yes, I went doun Brordwa wun da las weke wid him, an wile I warnt lookin at him he axidentally fell in a mud puddel, so got shipwreck an drown.

J. Bones, you say yor dog wus axidentally drown in a mud puddel, I wood like tu no wat yu mene bi sayin yor dog wus shipwreck.

B. Certinly it wus, jus like a shipwreck at sea.

J. Splane yorsel.

B. Whi cos it wus a bark los.

BOARDING HOUSE.

Johnson. Ah, Sam, I hab got suffin tu tell yu.

Bones. Wat is it?

J. Wood yu blebe, as I wus walkin doun Regent Street de oder day I wus stopp by a hansum young ladi, ho peared tu be quiring arter yu.

B. Did she ax arter me?

J. Yes sur, she ax arter yu—in fac she wus wun ob de hansumes gals I eber sor in mi life.

B. Yes, an she ax fo me?

J. Yes, she ax fo yu.

B. How wus she dress?

J. Lef me see, she wore a black silk flounce dress.

B. Wid flounders all roun de bottum ob de skirt?

J. Not flounders—flounces.

B. Yes, I no, flounders.

J. She also wore a black lace shorl, an a wite bonnet, an tite butes.

B. Yes, an she ax fo me?

J. Yes, sur, she ax fo yu, wood yu blebe, jus as I wus gwine tu bid dat young ladi good mornin she tapp me on de sholder an ax me if I wood be so kine as tu tell yu tu settel dat small bill yu owe fo bord an lodgins.

B. Settel dat small bill I owe fo bord an lodgins?

J. Yes, sur.

B. Jus tell her tu settel her coffee.

J. But yu owe de bill, it has bin standin fo a long time.

B. Let it set down an rest fo awile.

J. Well, didnt she albays go tu market an bring hum de best ob eberyting, albays set a nice tabel an so phorth?

B. If she hadn't I wood not hab borded wid her.

J. Whi don't yu go doun an pa de ladi wat yu owe her, don't yu no she can't ford tu kepe a bordin house if pepel don't pa her wat dey owe her?

B. She can't ford it?

J. No, she can't ford it.

B. Well, let her sell out tu sumone dat can ford it.

HOW MUCH FOR DAT FISH?

A gentleman told his servant to get up early, go to market and get some fish for his breakfast, the money he would find on the mantelpiece in the drawing room. The negro rose early, went into the drawing room, put the money in his pocket, on the dresser was his master's watch, ring, and hat, by the side of the fireplace stood his master's boots, an idea struck him that he could put on all these things, go to market, get the fish, cut a swell among the negroes, and be back before his master was up, so on went the hat, ring, boots, and watch. After calling on a few old friends on his way to the market, he went in, stood in front of a fish stand—"How much dus yu ax fo dat fish?" pointing at it with the finger that had the ring on.

Fisherman. That fish is three shillings.

Negro. (brushing his hat with a white handkerchief) I'll gib two an six fo dat fish. (shewing the ring again.)

Fisherman. No, nothing less than three shillings.

Negro, (pulling out his watch) I'll gib yu fibe minets tu kunsider on it, an if yu du not tuck dat, I dus not car a rap fo de fish, (hitting his boots with the ends of his fingers) yu ma look at dem butes, dey cos seben dolars, an yu kant fine a beter pare in New York.

KING HENRY VIII.

A negro manager advertised for his benefit King Henry VIII. his stage manager told him they could not get the piece ready in time, and he had better substitute some other play instead, he told him "he wood not du dat, an as his ~~name~~ had neber sene Henry de Eighth, he would pla Henry
twice ober."

WRITING PAPER.

A darkey went into a booksellers to buy some writing paper, he wanted three sheets—

Negro. Hab yu ani good wroten paper?

Shopman. Yes, how much do you want?

Negro. I want tu rite a leter tu New York, wun tu Boston, an anudder tu Philimadelfi, put me up bout phree quiers.

HARD HEAD.

A negro sailor was asleep on the deck of a ship, the yard-arm broke loose and fell on his head, he turned over and sung out, "Pete Jones, yu jus stop dat spitten on me."

OLD CHEESE.

During the races in America, there are all kinds of amusements going on, among others, they sometimes put up a new cheese, make up a purse of fifteen or twenty dollars, and whichever negro butts his head through the cheese gets the money, then they put up another, this time it is a grindstone covered over with canvas, the stakes are now one hundred dollars, the darkey who had won the first prize wants to know "how much am de puss dis time?" they all sing out one hundred dollars, he then takes a long run to make sure of butting his head through, but down he comes squash, after he comes round, scratches his head, and takes a good look at the crowd, exclaims, "by golly, dat am an ole chese, I tink da fogot tu tuck de creme off ob de milk."

WHAT TIME IS IT?

Cato. Good mornin, Dolfus, wat time am it?

Adolphus. Wi it am time dat yu pade me dat fibe shillins yu ow me.

Cato. I did not tink it whar so late as dat, I mus go an get suffin tu ete.

A GOOD MATCH MAKER.

In New York there lived, in 1840, a very tall darkey, Louis Fisher, but commonly called Big Loo, one day he was walking up Forsyth Street, a little nigger on the opposite side sung out, "dar yu go, Big Nigger Loo," over rushed Fisher, hit him on the side of the head, and knocked him in the middle of the street; when the little darkey got up he said, "If I wus yor sise yu wood not du dat," Fisher told him, "dar's yor brudder, I'll fite yu bof, one arter de udder," the little nigger said to his brother, "Jake, dus yu here dat, shal we fite him?" *Jake:* Yes. The little one then said, "Se here, Jake, yu kan lick me, now yu fite em fuss, den if he licks yu it am no use ob me trien."

WOOD SAWYERS.

A negro agreed to saw three loads of wood for four shillings and sixpence; just as he was about to commence a white sawyer came along, the negro engaged him to do the job, and agreed to pay him five shillings; the white man went to work, and the darkey stood looking on with his arms folded. The gentleman who engaged the negro came out and asked him why he did not saw the wood, "Kase, massa, I hier dat man." "How much are you going to give him?" "Fibe shillins." "How can you afford to give him five shillings, when I only agreed to give you four shillings and sixpence?" "Yah, yah, yah, massa, dus yu not tink it am worf a sixpence tu be a gemman fo a cupel ob hours?"

LEND ME A DOLLAR.

There used to be a celebrated dance house in New York, kept by Pete Williams. One night there was a darkey in the room who wanted to borrow a dollar, he saw an acquaintance of his talking to some of the fair sex, he thought this would be a good time to ask him, as he would not like to refuse before the ladies, off starts the darkey, "Good ebenin, Mr. Jonson, I hab a misfortin kumin tu de ball, plesse len me a dollar, as I loss mi pocket book." Now Mr. Johnson did not want to lend him the dollar, nor did he like to say in the presence of the ladies that he had no money, so he told him, "He had nuffin less dan a hundred dolar note, but if he kum roun tu his house in de mornin he kood hab a dollar." On the following morning the darkey went round to Mr. Johnson, knocked at the door—

Johnson. (within) Ho's dar?

Darkey. It's me, is yu aslepe?

J. Wat if I am not aslepe?

D. Wi, I kum roun arter dat dolar.

J. Go wa frum de dor, yu mite no dat I was aslepe widout axin me.

HOE AND HARROW.

Mr. Archer, a planter, one day missed a favourite hoe, he called one of the slaves—

Mr. A. Julius, have you seen that red handled hoe of mine?

J. Yes, massa, it am wid de harro.

Mr. A. Where is the harrow?

J. Lor a golly, massa, it am wid de hoe.

Mr. A. Why you stupid nigger, where is the hoe and harrow?

J. Now look yar, massa, dey am bof togedder, dus yu want tu pick a quarl wid dis ohile so sune in de mornin'?

SHOOTING A TOAD.

Two negroes went out hunting (as they call it in America.) There is a beautiful bird in the Northern States called the yellow bird, it sings equal to any canary—one of these birds was singing on the top of a tree, the negroes both fired at once, the bird flew from the tree on a small bush about three feet from the ground, the darkies thought they had wounded him, just where they thought the bird fell there was a toad hopping, one of the negroes grabbed him in his hand tight, the other came up and asked him what he had got, "Wi it am a bird." "Let's se him." "Dar he is." "Wi dat am a tode." "Is it, yu ort tu hab sene him afor I shot de fedders off, he whar he poottiest burd dat I eber sede in all mi life."

TOOTH-ACHE.

Jacobus. Good mornin, Frank, wat makes yu look so bad dis arternoon?

Frank. Wi yu se, Mr. Jacobus, I hab got de toof-ake butiful.

J. Wat am de reson yu dus not kure it?

F. I wood if I noed how.

J. Mi farder kan kure it.

F. Whar am yor farder.

J. Oh he's ded now, but he lef me a discripshun tu tole me how tu kure it, so yu juss tuck out yor pensel, rote dem all doun, an I will tole yu wat tu get. In de fuss place, yu muss go roun de korer tu Mr. — ho kepes de shotecari pop.

F. Yu mene de potecari ahop:

J. Yes, I no dat, put doun a pint ob de best, a quart ob de chepest, fibe yards ob de narrer kine, an six pouns ob de green kine, dont get de dri kine fo dat am no goed, an bout a quarter dolars worf ob de smolest yu kan get, den tuck dem hum, put dem in a pot an bile em, bile em till da get cole, den tuck em out, spred dem on a pece ob ledder, warm it by de fire, an put it on yor back.

F. Put it on mi back fo de toof-ake?

J. Ho's torkin bout de toof-ake? yu tole me yu had de screwmaticks, but dis will du fo de toof-ake tu, onli fo de toof-ake yu muss put it on yor chess, de doctor tole me tu put it on mi chess, but I had no chess so I put it on ole missus bonet box, an it puld all de kuler out ob de ribbins, an dror de ole gal's bonet clar out ob shape.

F. Well, I tink dat I will tri it.

J. If dat don't kure yu, an yu fele yorsef gettin no beter quite fass, yu muss tuck sum ob dem pills.

F. How mani muss I tuck?

J. Wi de fuss haf pek yu muss tuck internali, de nex haf pek externali.

F. How am I gwine tu tuck pills externali?

J. Wi rub dem in de top ob yor hed wid a scrubbin brush, den yu muss kepe on tucken dem eternali, an if dem don't kure yu, all I kan sa is yu am a ded nigger.

UNCLE STEVEN.

Massa bort a hoss, I'm gwine tu be de driber,
Bay hoss, de wele hoss, I spur him doun de hill.

Chorus—Oh dere, ladese, don't yu mine Steven,

He tell so mani lies wen eber he open his mouf.
Samson wus a strong man, he slepe in de air,

His wife tuck de shepe sheres an kut off his hed.
 De rose am red, de wierlets am blu,
 Suger am swete, an so am molassus.
 Mr. Pompy kood not slepe widout he had a piller,
 De gratest man dat eber lib whar General Andru Jacksun.

The above song is written in the same style, as the Southern gemmen call mashine poetry.

NEGRO BARBER.

A barber had a little shanty on the tow-path of the Kra canal at Utica, he only had one razor and that was very dull. One of the boatmen came in to be shaved, after the darkey had lathered him he took down the razor, rubbed it on the top of his shoe, and commenced to shave, the boatman started up, "Look here, nigger, that razor pulls awful," "Neber mine, sot doun massa, if de handel don't broke de har muss kum off.

INDIA-RUBBER SHIP.

A negro was walking through the streets in Washington, with a model of an india-rubber ship under his arm, another darkey asked him, "Wat he had dar, an wat he wus gwine tu du wid it?" he replied, "Wi it am an indi ruber ship, an I'm gwine tu de office tu get a patent." "Now yu tuck mi dwise an don't tuck it tu de office, fo dey won't gib yu a patent, kase wen yu go tu kross de line yu will rub it out."

HALF OF YOU COME UP.

In 1843, Captain Thomas B. Cropper, of the ship New York, sent one of his crew to tell half of the hands to come on deck from below, the darkey started off, stood leaning over the hatchway, "How mani is dar ob yu doun dar?"

one of the hands sung out, "seven," "Den haf ob yu kum up here quick, kase de capen wants yu."

HOW FAR IS IT TO TOWN?

A gentleman on horseback riding towards Schenectaday called to a negro that was hoeing corn, "How far is it to town?" "Well, massa, it's bout eight miles if yu wark, but if dat hoss kan go at all, it am not no mo dan fibe, and it am no use torkin, if yu had mi massa Tom's hoss yu am in toun now."

STEERAGE PASSAGE.

Two negroes ran away from a plantation in Virginia, and were making their way for England, in those days they would not let negroes go in the cabin, all of them had to go steerage passengers; when the two runaways got to New York, they went to the shipping office, and paid for their tickets; on the morning the ship sailed the darkeys were full of life, talking, laughing, and cutting up all sorts of capers with the crew, when the cook wanted them to come and get their dinner they could not be found, the captain and crew searched in every part of the ship where they were most likely to be found, and at last gave them up as lost, and thought they had jumped overboard. The captain between dinner and tea time went in the cabin to have an hour's rest, just as he was getting into a dose, he heard some persons singing and laughing as if it came from the hind part of the vessel, thinking it very strange coming from that quarter, he opened the cabin window, and, to his astonishment, the two negroes were sitting on the rudder, "Why what on earth are you doing there?" "We am gwine tu Englun ob korse." "Then come on the deck, that is your proper place." "No,

dis am de place, we pade fo de steerage pasage, an mus kepe it." "Nonsense, the steerage is in the fore part of the ship." "Don't yu stere de ship wid dis ting?" pointing to the rudder. "Of course they do." "Den we am gwine tu stuck tu de sterage, an hole on dis ruder tite." The captain sent for some of his crew, pulled the negroes through the window, and sent them on deck.

STILL SO GENTLY O'ER ME STEALING.

Stil so jently ober me stelin,
 Out ob mi trunk dey tuck eleben shillin,
 Dey tuck it wen I whar not willin,
 Oh I wish I hab my moni back agin.

De niggers dat rob me
 Sum whar short an sum whar tall,
 Dey tuck awa all ob mi moni,
 Dey tuck awa all ob mi moni,
 Wen I wus gwine tu de ball,
 Dey tuck awa all ob mi moni,
 Wen I wus gwine tu de ball.

Stil so jently ober me stelin,
 Dey tuck dat eleben shillin,
 But den I whar not willin.
 I wish I hab it back agin, mi moni,
 Oh, mi moni, oh, oh, mi moni.
 Mi moni it's now all gorn,
 I'm lef here alone an folorn
 In de phield a hoin up de korn,
 Yu'll neber koch me at dem balls animo.

Don't yu tink it am a pitte
 Fo tu trete dis nigger so, oh, oh,
 Now dis am all ob mi ditte,

Now dis am all ob mi ditte
 Wat I picks on de ole banjo.
 Now dis am all ob mi ditte
 Wat I picks on de ole banjo.
 Stil so jently ober me stelin,
 Dey tuck dat eleben shillin,
 But den I whar not willin,
 I wish I had it back agin, mi moni,
 Oh, mi moni, oh, oh, mi moni.

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

The day before the battle of New Orleans, General Packenham, commander of the English forces, sent one of his officers with a flag of truce to Andrew Jackson, commander of the American army; the officer took his servant with him, during the time the officer was in Jackson's tent his servant strolled around; outside, keeping sentry before Jackson's tent, was an old negro with a flint-lock musket on his shoulder, the officer's servant told the negro that the Yankees had better not fight on the morrow, as they would surely get a dressing, "Wi so?" says the darkey. "Because we have Lord Packenham, Lord Cornwallis, Lord Kean, and five or six other lords, the flower of the English army, who have conquered all Europe." "Well," said the negro, "we hab Lord God Almity on our side, an if we don't lick yu I'm a ded nigger."

The poor African wondered where the Englishman got all these lords, as he had never heard of but two in the Bible. The negro was right, the Americans did gain the battle, and poor Packenham was killed; but these days are gone by, and I hope that England and America will remain friends as long as the world stands.

WHAT O'CLOCK AM IT NOW?

A negro servant showing a negro traveller to his bedroom at one of the large hotels in New York, asked him what time he wanted to be called in the morning, he told him eight o'clock, "Well kum on an I will sho yu tu yor room," they went up six or seven pair of stairs, the traveller puffing and blowing very hard, at last they got to the very top of the building, when the traveller turned round to the servant and asked him, "Wat o'clock am it now?" the servant told him it was "Haf pass eleben," "Well, if dat am de kase, I tink yu hab better wake me up now, kase it will be eight o'clock befo I kan get doun stares agin."

NATURAL HISTORY.

A negro who had been reading "Buffon," took it into his head to write a work on natural history, but did not know what to do for a title page, at last he wrote—"Man am de fuss anermel in creashun, he springs up like a sparagrass, hops bout like a hopergrass, an dies de same as a jackass."

DID YOU EVER SEE A MULE?

Abe. Pomp, did yu eber se a mule?

Pomp. Wat am it, Abe?

A. Did yu eber se a jackass?

P. Don't yu spose I eber sede noffin?

A. Well, a mule an a jackass am de same ting, onli de mule am mor so.

AN EMETIC.

A negro in Mansfield, Ohio, was very ill, but by having a good doctor and good nursing was brought round; after he had quite recovered his health the doctor sent in his bill,

among other things that the doctor had given him was an emetic, the darkey said he would pay for everything in the bill but that; "and what is the reason," enquired the doctor, "you will not pay for that?" "Kase it did not du me a bit ob good, fo it wood not stop on mi stumic."

NOAH'S ARK.

Peto. Julius, how mani pepel went intu de ark?

Julius. Four, Noah, his wife, Ham, an de elefant.

P. Wi yu don't call elefant pepel.

J. Oh yes, I call aniting pepel dat karies a trunk.

P. Now, Jule, how mani pepel kum out ob de ark?

J. Wi if de elefant aint pepel dar wus free kum out, Noah, his wife, an Ham.

P. Dar wus mor dan dat kum out.

J. How dus yu make dat out?

P. Kase don't de good book sa dat Noah kum forth? Now if he kum forth, dar muss phree kum out a hed ob him. An anudder ting I'll tole yu, Jule, Noah was de fuss man dat introduce salt provishun intu de navy, dat whar wen he tuck Ham in de ark.

ORDERING A PAIR OF BOOTS.

A negro went into Anderson's, Chatham Square, New York, to order a pair of boots—

Negro. How much will yu make me a pare ob butes fo?

Anderson. Four dollars.

N. Kan yu hab dem dun tu-morrer nite?

A. Yes, and they shall be well made.

N. Beri well, I will kall bout haf-pass seben o'clock, gud mornin.

A. Here, do not go yet, as I have not taken your measure.

N. Oh neber mine de mesur, make dem as large as yu kan fo ne moni. (and he left the shop.)

GOOD LIVING.

Jube. Samson, will yu go an hab suffin tu ete wid me?

Samson. No I tank yu, Jube, I hab had mi diner, an a butiful diner it whar, I tole yu wat I had, a yard ob pork.

J. A yard ob pork, wi wat dus yu kall a yard ob pork?
I neber herd ob sich o ting.

S. Wi I had three fete. (pig's feet.)

I'LL KOCH EM DIS TIME.

During the races that take place on the Union Course, Long Island, there are a number of persons who pick up a great deal of money by playing the thimbles; an old negro went up to one of these persons while he was playing and said, "Don't tech dem ani mo, an I'll bet yu a dolar dat I fine em," he staked his money, and, of course, lost; the man commenced playing again, "Stop," says the darkey, "I'm gwine tu bet yu two dolars dis time," he lost again; the player, seeing he had a good customer, started off again, "Hold on," cried the negro, "will yu bet four dolars dis time?" the player, after a little palaver, said it was a good deal of money, but, as he had won three dollars, he would chance it—the old nigger, after he had staked his money, took up the thimble, but nothing was there, he then dived inside of his shirt, pulled out a long purse full of hard silver dollars, "Go on, play dem agin, dis time I'm gwine tu bet yu eight dolars, an nuffin less," just then a friend of the

's came up who understood the game, and told him not

to throw his money away, as he could not win, the old darkey told him to "mine his own bisness, kase he was a dubblin ebery time, and muss koch em at lass, an juss yu wate an se how I'll koch em dis time," down went his money, and he lost again and again, and never left off till he was cleared out of every shilling. Some person had told the negro if he doubled the stakes every time he must eventually win, but he found to his sorrow that such was not the case when betting against the thimbles.

KAN YU MARRY US?

A negro and his intended went to a white clergyman to get married—

Negro. Kan yu mari us?

Clergyman. Yes, and my charge is ten dollars.

N. I hab onli got seben dolars, an I'll want two for de honeymune, so I'll gib yu fibe dolars.

C. I cannot take less than ten dollars.

N. Kant yu marri us as far as de moni goes?

C. Very well, as you are a poor man I will marry you for five dollars. (and he married them) Now it is usual in most parts of America for the clergyman to salute the bride with a kiss, I mean the white ladies, but on this occasion he did not see it, so he told the negro to salute his bride,
Negro—"Arter yu am manners, massa."

THE BOATMAN'S DANCE.

De boteman dance, de boteman sing,
De boteman's up tu eberyting,
Wen de boteman gets on shore
He spends his monne den work, fo mo.

Chorus—Dance de boteman dance,
 Dance de boteman dance,
 Dance all nite till brord dalite,
 Den go hum wid de gals in de mornin.
 Hi ro, de boteman ro,
 Flotin doun de riber, de Ohio.
 Hi ro, de boteman ro,
 Flotin doun de riber, de Ohio.

I went on bord de oder da,
 Tu here wat de boteman had tu sa,
 Wen I lef mi pashun luse
 Dey kramm'd me in de kalabuse.

I kum dis time an kum no mor,
 Lef me luse an I'll go on shor ;
 Dey tole dey wus a bulli krew,
 Wid a hooser mate an capten too.

Wen yu go tu de boteman's ball
 Dance wid mi wife or don't dance at all.
 Skyblu jacket an tarpaulin hat,
 Look out niggers fo de'nine-tale kat.

De boteman he is a lucky man,
 Nun kan du as de boteman kan,
 I neber sor a pritte gal in mi life
 But dat she wus sum boteman's wife.

N.B.—The above was the first song ever sung on any stage, or at any concert, by a band of Ethiopian minstrels, it was sung by R. W. Pelham, the originator of the Ethiopian concerts, in conjunction with D. D. Emmett, F. M. Brower, and W. Whitlock, the original band of Virginia minstrels.

CAN YOU SETTLE THIS BILL?

"Massa wants tu no if yu kan setel dis bill tu-da?"
 "No, it is not convenient, your master is not afraid; does he think that I am going to run away?" "Not zackly, he am gwine tu run awa hissef, an wants tu make a big riz."

CALIFORNIA NEWSPAPER.

When the gold diggings were first discovered, two negroes went to California for the purpose of starting a weekly paper, to be called the "Journal;" when they had got the first number set up and ready to be struck off, the paper that it was to be printed on had not arrived from the North, so they cut up eight shirts into small squares, and put at the bottom the following, "De subscribers will plese sen dis paper back bi Tuesday nite, so we can get it wash fo de nex number."

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Throughout the whole of the United States, it is customary for the children to call wherever their parents deal and wish the tradesmen "A Happy New Year," they generally give the little ones a New Year's cake, or anything else they feel inclined. A little darkey went where his father always bought his rum, he took with him a large jug that would hold about two gallons, after the storekeeper had served all the white children he called the little Ethiopian up, "Now then, Zip, what do you want?" "Oh noffin ticklar, massa, onli I kum tu wish yu Happe New Yere, an yar is de jug tu put it in."

ETIQUETTE IN THE BALL ROOM.

In 1840 there lived in New York a negro called Dancing Sam, and he was the best dancer I ever saw enter a ball

room, wherever there was to be a ball given everybody wanted to see Sam there. Now this son of the South had one great misfortune, which was, being very poor in pocket, and he often made great shifts to attend the balls, and appear respectable. On the 5th of July, which is a grand holiday among the blacks of America, and called by them Abolishun Day, there was to be a grand ball given in remembrance of Wilberforce, and every ebony gemman that could raise the rhino was bound to be there, among others that wanted to go was Sam, but as he had not a suit of clothes good enough to appear in on that occasion, he made up his mind not to attend; when it became known that Sam would not be at the great ball of the season, one and all wanted to know the reason, hundreds called at his house, and wanted to know why he would not attend the grand ball, he told them all sorts of things, but never said anything about the clothes, at last a negro called who professed great friendship towards him, and with a great deal of soft sawder, got it out of Sam about the clothes, "Wi wat am de reson yu did not sa so at fuss, yu an me am bout de same sise, I will bring yu roun a new sute ob klose wich yu kan ware at de ball, an eberybodde will tink dey am yors," "Bery well," said Sam, "bring dem aroun, an I will be dar on de nite ob de ball." Everybody was delighted when they heard Sam would attend, so on the night of the ball Sam came with two yellow gals, like himself, dressed to death; after they had gone through several fashionable dances then in vogue, an old Virginia break-down was got up, now Sam was in his glory, he threw himself into all manner of attitudes, and what with his double shuffles, backsliding tormentors, and spring-heel toeoligies, he drove half in the ball room mad with delight; after the dance was over, several of the fair sex got around Sam and were praising

up his dancing, the darkey that lent him the clothes came up as he was in conversation with the ladies, and said, "Look yar, Sam, yu kan nock aroun in dem klose ob mine as much as yu like, I won't sa noffin."

KEEP STILL, GRANNY.

A little negro put a charge of powder in an old flint-lock musket, pulled the trigger, but the flint did not strike fire, he thought that he had not enough powder in, so he kept on putting in charge after charge until he had seventeen charges in, and could not get it off; his old grandmother, who was sitting in front of the house, told him to hand her the gun, he did so, the old woman put it to her shoulder, pulled the trigger, off went the gun, and head over heels went granny, senseless, while she was on her back the little darkey went and whispered in her ear, "Keep still, granny, don't get up, dar am sixteen mo charges in yet, an yu mite get hurt."

STUTTERING NEGRO.

A gentleman on horseback called a darkey who stuttered and enquired the way to Mr. Pike's mill, the negro pointed down the road, "Yu g g g g g go o o on, yu w w will get d a r fo I k k ka an tole yu."

JUMP, POMP.

There are a great many negroes that live in New York, but work in Brooklyn, they have to catch the half-past five boat that starts from the Catherine Market Ferry so as to get to their work at six o'clock, should they miss this boat, they would lose a quarter of a day; one morning about fifty of these darkies had to run for dear life to catch the boat, they all got on board but one big fat negro called Pomp, the boat

had started, and was about four feet from the landing stage, the niggers all hollered, "Jump, Pomp," "I kant jump dat," a darkey sang out, "Go it, Pomp, yu kan du it in two jumps," off went Pomp, he jumped in the river and was drowned, they held an inquest on the body, the verdict was "died in the wool, by having too much water on the brain."

NEGRO WAITER.

Nathaniel Weeks, who kept an hotel in the Bowery, New York, gave a farewell dinner when about to leave the hotel business, among the rest who waited on the table was a darkey from Williamsburgh, it being his first appearance in that character, after giving him instructions on several things, Weeks told him "to be sure that every guest had soup," when they sat down to dinner, soup was handed round to all at the table, while they were collecting the plates, the negro came to a gentleman who had not tasted his soup—

Negro. Massa, yu hab not ete yor soup.

Guest. No, I do not require it.

N. Now yu tuck mi advise an ete dat soup.

G. You take that plate away, I do not want the soup.

N. Now look yar, massa, it am de rule in dis house dat ebery gemman muss hab soup, an if yu dus not ete dat soup yu get noffin else.

I HAVE ONLY GOT SO FAR.

In 1851 a wealthy negro came from America to see the Great Exhibition, on his arrival at Liverpool he told the cabman to drive him to the first hotel in town, he took him to the Adelphi Hotel; the first day he sat down to dinner the waiter brought him a bill of fare, "No, I tank yu, I don't want tu rede befor I get mi dinner," he thought it

was a small newspaper, "This is the bill of fare what you are to have for dinner." "Oh, if dat am de kase juss put it doun side ob me." They first brought on the soup, fish, and then beef, while the darkey was eating beef, the gentleman who sat next to him was eating pudding, the negro took up the bill of fare, turned round to the gentleman, "Look yar, boss, yu hab got wa doun dar mity quick," pointing to the bottom of the bill of fare, "an I hab onli got so far," pointing to the top of the bill of fare, "I golly, yu muss be a fass eter."

FIGHT TILL I DIE.

Two negroes were fighting, another, who happened to come along at the time, parted them, he told the smallest not to fight any more as he would surely get a hiding, "How dus yu no?" "Kase dat nigger will fite till he dies." "So will I, I alwus dus."

A BALL ROOM FIGHT.

A negro who had been the night previous to Pete Williams' Dance House, New York, met a friend of his in Broadway on the following morning—

Jake. By golly, Zeke, yu ort tu hab been at Pete Williams' lass nite.

Zeke. Wi, wat whar de matter?

J. Yu no dat fiten nigger, Diogenes Brown?

Z. Yes.

J. Well, me an mi gal was dancin, an as we whar walsen roun de room, he run agin Clementenia an shub her doun on tu de flor, ob corse I whar mity sabbage, so I tole him tu square heseef, we fort roun dat room bout ten minets, de fuss time I struck wus in de face, but I miss em, de secon time I

hit em in de same place, den we flu roun de room fo bout a haf hour, wen I struck at em hard an oberreach misef an fell on de top ob de flor, an if I had not leff de hous I'm shure I wood hab killd misef.

Z. Whar dar anibodde killd?

J. Don't no, but as I kum fru de stretes dis mornin I see seberal funerels.

NEXT STREET ABOVE.

A stranger in New Orleans, asked a little darkey what was the next street above, he replied, "De fuss wun yu kum tu, go on, massa, yu kant miss it."

COLD WEATHER.

Stevs. Mark, it am bery cole tu da.

Mark. Yes. If it am as cole tu-da as it wus tu-morrer we wood be all friz up befor yesterda.

NEGRO SCHOOLMASTER.

Master. Now den, Brutus, ho wus de fuss man?

Brutus. Adam.

M. Dat's a good chile, now ho wus de fuss woman?

B. Adam's mudder.

M. Ho wus Solomon?

B. He was de king ob de Juse, an de sun ob David, an David whar de son ob Jesse.

M. Dst's a smart chile, an yu am gettin on fass, now den, ho's Jesse?

B. Wi he wus de, de, de, I spose yu tink I don't no.

M. Well go on an tell me.

B. Wi he whar de flour ob Dunblane, an kum frum Skotland.

WHAT IS IT, DICK?

Two slaves that had never seen a gun found one in the woods, one said he thought it was a "long kee bugel," "dat's wat it is, Dick, now dus yu blo in dat end, an I will finger de kees," the darkey put his mouth to the muzzle, gave a blow, the other pulled the trigger, off went the gun and the nigger's jaw at the same time.

TEN POUND OF OYSTERS.

"Am dem gud oysters?" "Yes, they are the best you can find in the market." "Den let me hab ten pouns." "We don't sell them by weight, but sell them by measure." "Den mesure me out bout twenty-fibe yards."

WASHINGTON JONES, F.R.S.

A negro went to an hotel, signed his name in the book, Washington Jones, F.R.S., a gentleman from London was introduced to him, and remarked that "he was always happy to meet a Fellow af the Royal Society," "Feller of ho?" said the darkey, "Why of the Royal Society, did you not sign your name in the book, Washington Jones, F.R.S.?" "Ob korse I did." "Well what does the F.R.S. mean?" "Wi dat I'm an oyster marchant, an dem letters mene fried, rosted, an stued."

SUN AND MOON.

Unkel Josefus, wich dus yu tink am de mose usful, de sun or de mune?

Josephus. Wi, mi chile, I shud tink dat de mune ort tu rank fuss in dat ticklar kashun, kase de sun shine in de da-time wen we don't want a lite, but de mune shine in de nite-time wen we dus wont a lite.

TWO SONGS.

"Miss Dinah, yor udder sister tole me dat yu whar a gud singer, I spose yu no a gud mani songs?" "Yes, Mister Cato, I kan sing a few, but tu tell yu de truf I onli no two songs." "Wat am dey?" "One am Ole Hundred, an de tudder isn't."

THAT HAT'S MINE.

A slave walking along the road, on a very rainy day with his hat under his coat, was accosted by a gentleman, who asked him "why he did not put the hat on his head?" he replied, "Boss, dat hat belong tu dis chile, de head belong tu ole massa."

THROW IN THAT THIMBLE.

A gentleman walking down Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, picked up a silver thimble on the side walk, he stood meditating on the probable owner, pressed it to his lips, and exclaimed, "Oh that it were the cheek of the owner!" at that moment a big negro wench stuck her head out of the window, "I sa, boss, juss fro dat fimbél in de entre, I drop em out ob de winder," the gentleman threw it in and sloped.

A MEAN PAWNBROKER.

A negro who wanted to attend a ball, took his Bible to a pawnbroker, and asked the clerk to loan him a dollar on it, the man told him, "they did not take them in." "Yu am a mene man." "What's that you say?" "Noffin, onli yu wont tuck mi word, or God Almity's udder fo a dollar."

ARISTOCRATIC BLACKS.

"I sa, Miss Clementena, wat am de reson yu did not kum

tu de ball lass Wensda ebenin?" "Well, Mr. Dolfus Jacksun, I did intent tu went, but de gwine wus so bad dat I cood not come."

CHANGE OF A SHILLING.

"Massa Antony, mudder wants tu no if yu will plesse change her a shillin, an she will fo shu sen yu de shillin tu-morrer."

A CROWN TO HER HUSBAND.

A gentleman who had lost his wife, went to an Ethiopian stone cutter and ordered a head stone, he gave particular instructions to put after the name and age, "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." When it was sent home, the husband read, "A virtues woman am 5s. tu her husban."

MATCH DANCE.

Two darkies danced a match for five dollars, after the dancing had terminated, and the judge given his decision, the father of the one that lost told the judge "dat he tort it wus a rong werdic," the judge told him "his son had broke time, which the other did not, and moreover he took the greatest variety of steps." "Dat ma be, as fur as yu cood see," said the father, "but mi chile tuck plenti ob steps inside ob his butes dat yu cood not see."

GOING TO THE MILL.

Clem. Jumbo, whar wus yu gwine tudder da wen yu went tu de mill?

Jumbo. No whar, Clem, did yu se me?

C. I did not se yu till yu got out ob site, den I drap mi eyes on yu.

DISTANT RELATION.

A negro lost his aunt, and went in mourning for her, when he appeared in the street with his new clothes on, several of his old playmates asked him who he was in mourning for? he told them that he had lost a relation; one of the ebony gemmen wanted to know if it was a near or distant relation, he answered, "Well, I shud think bout forti-seben miles."

FLESH COLOUR.

A negro girl about to make her first appearance at a grand fancy ball, asked her brother, "wat sort ob stockins wud sute her bess?" he told her, "fo dat ocashun, flesh colour." she answered, "wat, dus yu tink I'm gwine tu ware black stockins at de ball?"

NEW HAT.

Frank. Good mornin, Abe, whar did yu get dat new hat?

Abe. Doun in Broadway.

F. Wat whar de price ob it?

A. Dus not no, de gemman wat kepe de store wus not in wen I got it.

VERY ILL.

Judge. Did you steal this watch?

Negro. Yes, massa, I did tuck it.

J. What made you take it?

N. Wi, yu se, massa, I wus bery ill, an de doctor tole me tu tuck suffin, so I tort I cood tuck noffin beter dan a wach.

TO-MORROW'S PAPER.

A little darkey ran into a newspaper office, threw down

sixpence, and said, "Lef me hab tu morrer's paper," the negro that waited in the office-let fly a chair at his head, "Clar out yu brack munkee-face nigger, we sole dem all yesterda."

THAT'S NOT MEAT.

A negro who had just become a Catholic, was told that he must eat no meat on Fridays, one day the priest was out walking on the road leading to the negro's hut, and thought he would give him a call, as he opened the door, what should he observe, but a large piece of roast beef on the table—

Priest. Why John, how's this, do you not know that to-day is Friday?

John. Yes, massa.

P. Then why have you got that meat for dinner?

J. Dat's not mete, massa.

P. I am astonished at you, John, how can you tell such falsehoods?

J. Now look yar, massa, dat wat yu kall mete wus befe yesterda, so dis mornin I sprinkel sum water ober him an crisened it fish.

I'LL THROW YOU OVER THE RIVER.

Two negroes had a very warm argument, and, as they could not agree, soon got to quarrelling and calling each other names not becoming gentlemen, at last one told the other "if he did not shut up he wud fro him ober de riber." "Yu fro me ober dat riber, I'll bet yu fibe dolars yu kant du it." "Well, I'll bet yu fibe dolars I kan." So they staked the money; the darkey then took off his clothes, the other took him by the nape of the neck and heels, and threw him about six feet in the water, when he came on shore he

claimed the money, the other said, "I'll hab anudder tri'" In he went again, "Now," he said, "yu hab loss." He then took off his coat, exclaiming, "I'll stick tu it all da till I du fro yu ober," of course the other paid forfeit.

A TOUGH NEGRO.

A negro passenger on one of the Ohio river steamboats was blown on shore, landed on the roof of a log hut, went through, and came down by the side of a darkey that was mending shoes, "Ho am yu?" "I kum frum a stembote dat wus bloed up bout seben miles frum here." "Wi it am a wunder dat yu whar not kill." "Oh no, I hab bin married twenti-fibe yeres, an am so use tu be blone up bi de ole woman komen steme tucks no efect."

M. JULLIEN'S DOUBLE BASS.

During the time M. Jullien was travelling through America with his celebrated band, he had a very large double bass violin, the person who played on the instrument was obliged to stand on a stool raised about two feet from the floor; when his company arrived at Baltimore, the double bass was put on the top of an omnibus and taken to the theatre; hundreds of negroes followed the omnibus to have a look at "de big fiddel." On the evening of the entertainment the gallery was full of the ebony race, when the person commenced playing on the double bass, several of the darkies left the gallery, went to the money-taker, and demanded their money back. "What do you want your money returned for?" enquired the man in the office. "Kase we kum tu se dat chap pla on de big fiddel, an he neber put em up tu his sholder." The negroes expected to see him play it in the same manner as a small violin.

THE FIRST BELL.

Diogenes. Wash, ho struck de fuss bell?

Wash. Now look yar, Diog, dat am an qeshun I no moffin bout, so I'll drap de subje.

D. Den I'll liten yu on de rudements ob histeri—Cane wus de fuss purson dat struck a bell, wen he struck Abel on de hed wid a shubbel.

W. It whar not a shubbel he struck em wid, it wus a picax.

D. Well, he tole me it wus a shubbel, dat's all I no bout it.

A SMALL WIFE.

A negro, who stood six feet eight inches high, married a woman about four feet two, on the morning after his marriage an old friend met him—"I sa, Mister Debonport, dat wife ob yors am bery smal," he replied "Wel, she am rader under de general rule ob de fare sex, but am made ob sich gud stuf, nater cood not ford ani mo."

A YOUNG GOOSE.

A gentleman bought a goose of a yellow girl, when cooked it was found to be very tough, a few days after, while strolling in the market, he spoke to the girl, and told her the goose was very old and very tough. "It mite hab bin tuff, massa, but not ole; how ole dus yu tink I am?" "Well," replied the gentleman, "I should think you were about sixteen." "An dus yu call dat ole, massa?" "No, a lady is never considered old at sixteen." "Now look yar, massa, I hab ofen herd mi mudder sa dat goose an misef wus bof born on de same da."

BOLD AS A LION.

Planter. Seth, how do I look in this new suit of clothes? enquired a Southern planter of one of his slaves.

Slave. Wi, massa, yu look as bole as a lion.

P. How do you know that, you never saw a lion.

S. Oh yes I did, fo I se Massa Tomson's man ride one doun at de mill.

P. That was not a lion—it was a jackass.

S. I kant help it, yu look juss like him.

TAR ON THE HEEL.

Wherever you see negroes pitching coppers in America, there are always plenty of others looking on and standing pretty close to the 'hob,' (the mark they pitch at), and most of these outside darkies have some tar on the heel of their boots, should a coin happen to roll among them it's a thousand to one that, whoever the coin belongs to will never get it, for down goes a heel, up comes the foot, off comes the cent, and into the pocket vanishes.

RUM, BRANDY, OR PUNCH.

Steve. Kum, Ben, an hab a glass wid me, wat will yu tuck, rum, brandi, or punch?

Benjamin. Well, Steve, I'll hab de rum now, an drink de brandi wile yu am gettin de punch redde.

THE MARRION STEAMER.

When the above named steamer blew up on the Mississippi river, one of the passengers sued the proprietors for the loss of her husband; when the trial came on, and after several witnesses had been examined, the negro cook was called up—

Judge. When was the last time you saw this woman's husband?

Cook. Well, massa, as I muss spoke de truf, de lass time I see em wus, wen misef an de stove-pipe whar gwine up I met em a kumin down, I shud tink bout haf wa

GO AND SETTLE.

In most of the steamers on the Ohio, and other rivers in America, they employ a negro to ring a bell for the purpose of calling the passengers to their meals, and also to get their tickets for the journey, after ringing the bell five or six times he has to call out, "All those ladies and gentlemen who have not paid their passage, will please step to the captain's office and settle." On one of the New York and Albany river boats, was an old negro called Santiclaus, and he it was who always rang the bell, and did ring it mighty hard, the following is what he told the passengers, "All gemmen an lades ho hab not pade dar passege moni, plese kum tu de capen's office, an du de same likewise."

IF THE TAIL BREAKS YOU'LL KNOW.

Two negroes went out to catch young bears, they came across a den with two cubs in, one got in the den and was about to hand the cubs, up when the old female bear came running like a 'streak of lightning through a crab-apple orchard,' and made a leap to jump down the hole, but the darkey above caught her by the tail and held her over the hole, the one below sang out, "Tom, wat am it dat darkens up de hole so?" "By golly, Fred, yu'll sune no if de tale broke luse."

ASK, AND YE SHALL RECEIVE.

Josiah Welch, on attaining his sixtieth birthday, gave all

his slaves a week's holiday, also, each day, breakfast, dinner, and supper, which was laid out in a first-class style in his large barn fitted up for the occasion, after supper each evening there was singing, dancing, and all sorts of amusements going on. Now as there were upwards of four hundred slaves of his own, besides others from neighbouring plantations who got permission to attend one day out of the six, potatoes got very short, and on the last day's dinner there was none, the darkey that took the head of the table said grace, during which he mentioned, "dat eberyting wus bery good on de tabel, but dey hab no taters, an if de Lord wood onli sen a few ob dem he shud fele bery tankful." Now direct over the chairman's head was the hay-loft, and up there was twenty bushels of seed potatoes, a negro that happened to be up in the hay-loft heard him pray for potatoes, opened the trap-door, down came all the potatoes on their heads, the darkey that said grace, after rubbing his cranium, looked up, "Bress de Lor God, we tank yu fo dese, but de nex time yu sen em plese drop em a little sloer."

FLY ON THE BIBLE.

A negro clergyman told his congregation, "If yu du not pent ob yor sins yu will fo shu go tu hell," just then a fly lit on his Bible, "Se, dar am a fii on dis Bibel, an as shu as I kill dat fii yu'll all go tu hell," he struck at the fly but it flew away, "Dar goes de fii, but yu go tu hell fo all dat, den yu will see me gwine up, an sum ob yu will grab hole ob mi cote tale, but bress de Lord I'll let yu drop, an yu will go down, down, till yer bottom fall out, den yu will wepe an wale an smash out yor teef." Here one of the negroes got up and asked, "How bout dem pepel dat hab got no teef?" he replied, "Oh yu muss gum it."

BAD CORNS.

A negro who suffered very much from corns, went to a doctor who was also a black—

Doctor. Well, wat am de matter wid yu?

Patient. Oh doctor, I dus suffer so much wid bad corns.

D. Wat am dat tu me, go hum quick an hoe em.

HOW TO CATCH RABBITS.

Alexandra. Antoni, how dus yu koch rabits up in yor part ob de kuntre?

Anthony. Wi we shute dem ob corse, am dat not de wa yu du down in yor parts?

Alex. No, we albays kotch dem wid snuff.

Ant. How am dat tu be dun?

Alex. Wi yu go in de kabbage fele and fro snuff all ober de lebes, den wen de rabits kum tu ete de kabbage de snuff maks em snese, an dey all brake dar necks, and dis will sabe de powder an shot.

MUST HAVE A TABLE CLOTH.

A gentleman travelling out West put up at what was called an hotel, being very much fatigued when he retired to rest he overslept himself, in the morning a big darkey commenced to pull the sheet from under him, he told the negro if he did not leave the room he would throw him down stairs, "Now look yar, massa, yu muss not be angri wid dis chile, but if yu want ani brekfuss dis mornin, I muss hab dat shete fo a tabel clof."

SHOT OR SHELL?

During the American war, a negro was stationed on the

top of a big hill, and told to sing out whenever there was a shot or shell coming ; during the battle he kept holloaing out, " Shot, shell, shell, shot ! " At last the enemy fired a rocket, which was the first that he had ever seen, bawled out as loud as he could, " Look out, gemmen, shot, shot, an by golly, de kannon am kumin wid it ! "

GOOD HEARING.

Zip. Cato, kan yu see dat fly on de top ob de church stepel ?

Cato. No, Zip, mi site am berry bad dis mornin, but I kan here him step butiful.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.

A negro, who was very fond of apple dumplings, always put a whole one in his mouth at a time ; while he was eating some one day, a friend observed, you are very fond of them, replied, " Yu kan bet yor life dat I go mi def on dem, kase yu kan se dat I neber tuck's two bites at a cherri."

SPOKE TOO LATE.

A darkey was very fond of sucking raw eggs, got one in his mouth that had a chicken in it. Just as he was about swallowing, the chicken went pete-pete, exclaimed, " Ah, hunni, yu am gorn, kase yu spoke tu late."

PUT DOWN THAT DOLLAR.

A negro walking along Mott Street, New York, picked up a silver dollar on the side walk, another darkey looking out of his window, saw him pick it up, sang out, " Look yar, 'igger, put dat dolar doun, kase I onli lef'em dar to tri yu."

LOAN ME A DOLLAR.

"Mister Peterson, len me a dolar, an dat will make two I ow yu."

Peterson. "Yu muss tink I'm a fule, if yu kant pa de fuss, how kan yu pa de secon."

TRIMMING PEACH TREES.

Mr. Underhill, a butcher, asked his negro servant if he understood how to trim peach trees, replied, "Yu better belebe dat I dus understan all bout dem tings."

Mr. Underhill. Very well, Jacob, I am glad to hear that you understand it. So do you go up this afternoon and trim every peach tree you can find in the garden. The thick-head Ethiopian went and cut all the trees down. When he came home in the evening, Mr. Underhill asked him if he had trimmed the trees, replied, "No, massa, I hab not trim 'em yet, but hab got dem all kut down redde tu trim tu morror."

PICK THAT OAKUM

A negro, sent to prison for three month, was set to picking oakum, being a very lazy person, the governor told him if he did not do a little more work, he should have less to eat, the darkey turned round on his seat, looked the governor in the face, "Wat's dat yu sa, massa, me hab less tu ete, wi I'll leve de place fuss."

BEAR DOG.

A gentleman, newly arrived in America, advertised for a "good bear dog," three days after the advertisement appeared in the papers, a negro brought him one the size of a jackass.

Gentleman. Is that a good dog to hunt the bears?

Negro. Dar am no dout bout dat, fo he am de bess brede in de kuntre.

Gent. He appears very large for a bear dog, and looks to me as if he had too much flesh for a long run.

Negro. Yu juss lef 'em site a bare, he'll run fo a weke, an will fo shu be in de proper place at de finish.

Gent. What is the price of him?

Negro. Twenty-fibe dolars, and look yar, massa, if yu sa he dus not run fass arter he hab sene de fuss bare, I'll gib yu back de moni."

Gent. Well, I will take him, there's the money, good morning.

Negro. Gud mornin, massa, an yu tuck mi word, de fuss time dat dog drop's his eye on a bare, yu'll hab plenti of fun.

The following morning the gentleman with a couple of friends went to hunt bears, after strolling through the forest for an hour or so, up started a bear, off he went like a steam engine, and the dog after him, the huntsmen stuck close to them for about twenty minutes, and then was obliged to give up the chase, so they made towards home, when they got on the main road, there was a turnpike gate, by the side of which stood an old darkey.

Gent. Have you seen a dog and bear go past here?

Negro. I shood tink I did, an da whar gwine myti fass.

Gent. How were they getting on?

Negro. De dog hab de bess ob it, fo he wus bout haf a mile a hed.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S SKULL.

A showman wanted to "raise the wind," during the general training days out west) got a humam skull, and exhibited it as Oliver Cromwell's, one day he left a negro to

mind the door, while he went and got some refreshments, when up came an old farmer, his wife, three sons, and two daughters, paid their admission and walked in, the darkey followed them inside and began to explain all about the skull, after he had finished the farmer told him as far as he could understand from history, Oliver Cromwell had a very large head. "You am quite rite," replied the negro, "Oliber Krumbel hab a beri large hed when he whar a man, but dis skull was wen he whar a boy."

KEEP YOUR OWN SIDE.

A white, and a black man, were to be hung at the same time, while the hangman was placing the rope around their necks, the negro happened to lean on to the white man, who gave him a shove, and told him to keep on his own side. "Yu mine yor own bissness," exclaimed the darkey, "I hab got juss as much rite here as yu hab."

SWEET FEELING.

Tom. Jim, whar you eber in lub?

Jim. Yu had better beleve dat I wus.

Tom. How did you fele?

Jim. Well, I fele as if I whar up in de klouds, etin pan kakes, an all de littel angels poring down honey on de top ob mi hed."

FATHER'S ILL.

A negro was ordered by the doctor to eat apple dumplings, his wife made him eighteen. Each dumpling contained one large apple. When they were put on the table, the old darkey sat down, and went into them, like an old canal horse would into a basket of Indian corn; when he had finished

sixteen, one of his children said, "Farder, gib me wun ob dem dumplings, kase dar am onli tu lef," his mother gave him a slap on the side of the head, and told him "Not tu bodder his farder kase he whar beri ill."

WHAT DOSE THIS WORLD STAND ON?

Job. Jake, wat dus dis world stan on?

Jake. Wi, it stans on a rock.

Job. Wat dus dat rock stan on?

Jake. It stans on anudder rock.

Job. Den wat dus dem bof rocks stan on?

Jake. Shut up yu dum nigger, kant yu see it am rock all de wa doun.

FASHIONABLE ETHIOPIAN SOCIETY.

"Miss Aramenta Billings, shal I hab de plesure ob dancin wid yu dis ebenin?"

"Well, Mr. Sparks, de wedder am beri warm, if I kum-mence dancin, it will make me suspier. Now dar's Miss Price setten ober on dat char, ax her tu dance, fo she hab bin a setten, an setten in dat char all de ebenin, an by dis time, I tink dat she hab tuck root.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

I kum from ole Virginni wid mi hed full of nolege,
I've neber bin tu free skule, or ani udder kolege.
Dar's won ting I kan du, wich am a solum fack,
I kan tel yu bout dis worle in a twinklin ob a krack.
Dis worle am made ob mud fro de botum ob de ribber,
De sun's a big lamplite as yu all diakibber;
De sun stans stil, wile de worle kepes a gwine,
De mune's made ob grene chese an albays kepes afien,

De erth wus made in six da's, den da make de ski,
 Da hang it up obuv de erth an leff it dar to dri.
 Den da make de stars out ob nigger wench'es eyes,
 Tu gib us a littel lite wen de mune don't rise.
 Lightnin is a wite gal an libs up in de kloud,
 Tunder am a brack man an he kan holler loud.
 He tried tu kiss Miss Lightnin, she dodge off in wunder,
 He jump an tares his briches an dat's wat make de tunder.
 Den da make de sea an in put a wale,
 Den da make de rackoon wid rings aroun his tale,
 Den da make de elefant so berry big an stout,
 Dat de kritter wus not satumfied until he got a snout.
 Den da make de wite man fo massa ober all,
 An kall 'em Mister Rang-otang wid no tale a-tall.
 All de udder anemiles wus finished wun by wun,
 An stuck agin de fense tu dri as fass as da whar dun.
 Den da make de brack man an lade 'em on de groun,
 An gib him dose ob lodlum tu make 'em slepe so soun,
 Den da tuck a jack nife an frum em kut a rib,
 Ob wich da make a brack gal an her tu him did gib.
 Samson wus a strong nigger an albays slepe in de koole,
 His wife tuck de shepe sheres an kut of his woole;
 Not wishin tu be idel, or eben kounted laza,
 He tuck de horse's jaw bone an slu de gates of Gaza.
 Adam wus de fuss man, Eve wus de tudder,
 Kane work de tred mill, kase he kill his brudder;
 Moses in de bull-rushes wid de alligator,
 Massa Davy kill Golier wid a big potater,
 Solomen was a cleber nig as dis worle eber none,
 Kase he swim tu Ireland an kiss de blarne stone,
 Fo he hab mor wives dan eber he cood karri,
 An mus hab bin a long time kokesen dem tu marri.

Mister Julius Seasar was quick upon de trigger,
 He was a perfeck sample ob de ole Virginni nigger ;
 An dar wus Mark Antony he dereli lub de wimmen,
 He lite on Cleopatter's fexions like a possum on a simmin.
 Wen won spekes ob wimmen da ort tu tell de truth,
 Dar was a lubli damsal da kall her sister Ruth,
 She went in de korn fele tu gedder up sum wete,
 Widout no shuse on her hed, or hat on her fete.
 Nero wus a butcher, he kum from ole Kanetuck,
 William Tell kill em ded just like yu wood a duck,
 Dannel wood not shut de dor wen he sed he prares,
 Da kast em in de lions den chuck full of bares.
 Bonaparte was a gamler, an no how tu handel de kue,
 He plade billyards beri well, but cood not pla at loo,
 He wip all he fort wid, an always gib dem fun,
 Atlass he got his butes haf sole by de shumaker Wellintun.
 Washintun fort de Battle of Waterlu, Wellintun dat ob
 Yorktoun,
 Jim Krow bete dem back, an da wus glad tu leve de groun,
 Den up steps Massa Brutus wid a chese nife in his han,
 Sez General Pluck yer hab fort anuf now, wat am yu
 goin to stan ?

FAIR FIGHT.

A negro, in Virginia, returning from his day's labour,
 when within twenty yards of his home, was attacked by a
 big black bear, old bruin struck the first blow, then at it
 they went, up and down, hip and thigh, first one then the
 other under, and the style that nigger fought and bellowed
 for help, was a caution. The noise started out all the
 neighbours, some with clubs, spades, hoes, stools, shovels,
 tongs, and all such warlike weapons, and was about to make

one grand rush on the bear, when the darkey's wife stuck her head out of the window, saw her husband under the bear, sang out, "Don't part 'em, phor dis am de fuss time dat I eber se two pepel fite, and I dus not kare wich wips."

GOOD INDIGO.

"Missus Peters, dat am beri bad indergo yu am usin phor dem klose," exclaimed a negro laundress to another in the same line of business, "you shud always test de qualerte afo yu use it." "How am I tu du dat?" "Wi yu fill a tin pan full ob cole water, den sprinkel sum indergo on de top, an if 'de indergo am gud, it will sink or swim, but I kant tole yu wich."

DE ROCK FLEW.

A negro was chased by five wild Indians, they ran him close to a high precipice, there was no help for it, off went the darkey, about seventy feet below among the rocks, after a couple of minutes he got up and walked away, the Indians as a matter of course thought he was killed, did not follow, when he came out on the other side, two trappers, who had witnessed the run for life, met him. "Are you the nigger those Red Skin varmints was after." "I's no bodi els, gemmen, an yu better belebe dis chile tort he whar a ded koon." "Why we thought you must have been smashed to atoms among those rocks." "So I wood if I had not fell on mi hed; but wen mi hed struck dat rock, yu ort tu hab sene de rock flew."

WILL HAVE REVENGE.

An old negro toper was brought up four times during the week before Judge Austin, and fined each time a dollar, the

judge asked him the reason he got drunk so often. "It's no use ob torkin, Massa Judge, rum kill mi farder and mudder, an dis chile swar tu hab revenge."

IN MOURNING.

A negro, about leading to the hymeneal altar a white woman, was told by his mother not to marry her, wanted to know the reason why, "Kase," said his mother, "wen yu go out warkin up and down de strete, de pepel will sa she hab loss sum ob her relashuns, bi seein de mornin hangin on her arm."

THE FIRST NEGRO.

"Jake wat am de reson de pams ob de niggers hans, an de soles ob his fete yar albeits wite," "Kase de debil had 'em on all fours when he whar paintin him, and kud not get de brush under." Den wi hab de kullered race, got flat noses and long heels." Kase arter de debil had painted de nigger, he got up an run, de debil arter 'em full spede, wen he tred on the nigger's hele and pull it out, den de darkey fall down an smash his nose."

WEEPING WIDOW.

A negro fisherman was drown'd, three weeks afterwards they recovered the body, when brought on shore it was found to be full of eels, one of the fishermen started off to the heart-broken wife, told her they had found her husband's body, that there was over a thousand eels in it and wanted to know what they should do with it; "do," (sobbed the poor lone widow)—"wi bring de eels home, an set de body agin,"—I albeits sed dat mi ole man wus worth suffin.

GOOD MARKSMAN.

Two negroes went out to fight a duel, when the word was given to fire, one shot his second, the other fired in among the crowd.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

A negro girl went out riding on horseback, when she came home put the horse in the drawing-room, and tied herself up in the stable, did not discover the mistake until the hostler commenced to "rub her down."

CURE FOR THE CHOLERA.

In 1832 when the cholera was raging in America, a negro doctor gave one of his patients some alum and resin, when asked why he gave that, replied, "de alum wus tu dror de parts klose tuggedder, an de rosin was tu sodder 'em."

OVER PRAYED.

A negro went to sleep during divine service, after the congregation departed, the clergyman in passing through the church heard the darkey snore at the rate of ten miles an hour, went and awoke him, and asked him how he came to fall asleep during the service, "I dun no Massa, 'less it whar dat I ober prade miself."

A LAZY NEGRO.

A darkey fast asleep by the roadside, was awoke by a gentleman, and asked what made him go to sleep there, answered, "I'm berri tierd fru warkin looking arter work, an hab got nebber a cent tu get suffin tu ete." Well, said the gentleman, there's a dollar for you, now go get something to eat, the negro turned over, "I say massa just plesse put de dolar in dat side pocket."

YOU CAN TALK.

A slave went to Messrs. June and Titus's wild beast show, when he came to the large orang-outang, he stood in front of the cage, and asked him "ho he was, and whar he kum frum," receiving no answer, he then gave him an apple, after the animal had eaten the same, he again asked him "ho he wus, an whar he kum frum," not getting an answer this time, the old darkey shook his fist at him, and said, "Ah, yu am a kunnin ole hoss, yu kan tork as fass as I kan, but yu no anuff tu kepe yu mouf shut, fo if yu ebber open dat trap, yu massa will put a hoe handel in yu han an make yu work."

NO WONDER.

Ben. Pomp, wich am de moss wonderful kuriositi dat yu ebber sede?

Pomp. Wi de Niagrer Falls, se wot a big hepe ob water kums down eberi minet.

Ben. I dus not kunsider dat a wunder or kuriositi eder, fo de water am blige tu kum an run down de falls, but if dat water whar tu run up de Falls, den it wood be a wunderful kuriositi, but not till den.

A GOOD CUSTOMER.

A swell negro went to the exchange hotel, Pittsburgh, and asked the landlord if he could put four beds in one room. "Yes; how many are there of your party going to stop?" "Onli me, an de reson I want four beds in de same room, am koss I kum hum so drunk eberi nite, unless dar am a bed in all de korners I kant fine wun."

MEND THAT ROOF.

old negro was playing the banjo in the only dry place

that could be found inside of an old log hut, the roof had mostly tumbled in, I asked him why he did not mend the roof, "Kant, massa, kase it rane so hard." "Then why don't you mend it when it does not rain?" "Yah, yah, yah, yah, yu'll kill dis chile if yu go on torkin in dat wa, wen it don't rane den it don't want no mendin."

IT IS LUCKY WE ARE UP HERE.

Two negroes condemned to death—while on the gallows a mad bull broke loose among the crowd, one of them exclaimed, "Dar am no mistake bout it, dem pepel down dar will get hurt bi dat bull. "Yu better blebe dey will," replied the other, "an it am lucki we is up here."

WHAT'S THAT PASSED YOUR HEAD?

During the negro riots at Newark, New Jersey, as two swell negroes were walking arm-in-arm something flew past their heads, "Dar goes a bat," says one, "Dat's a fac," replied the other, "for it am a big sise brickbat."

MY NAME IS BUB.

A gentleman caught a little negro up one of his trees stealing peaches, after giving him a good shaking he asked him his name, "Mi name Bub, massa, but dey kall me Belsabub fo shortness."

A BLACK NEGRO.

An Ethiopian couple had several children who would not go to bed before dark, so when ever the mother wanted to get them to bed she used to send for her husband, who was so black that a piece of charcoal would make a white mark on him, the moment he came in the room all the young darkies

would start off for bed, he made the room so dark the children thought it was night.

WHAT DO YOU CALL THEM THINGS?

A negro who suffered from a severe gum-boil, went and had it lanced, when it was over a friend of his asked the doctor, "Wat dus yu call dem tings?" "They are what is called gum-boils." "Much blige tu yu fo tolen me, I hab had wun on mi hele fo de lass fibe wekes, an neber cood fine out de name."

IT'S ALL NONSENSE.

A Southern clergyman, while preaching, observed two strangers taking notes, after the congregation was dismissed his negro servant asked him "Wat dem two gemmen whar duin wen roten in de book?" he told him "They were only taking notes about the sermon." On the Sunday following, the darkey stood in the back part of the church with a large book and appeared to be writing, after service his master asked him "What he was doing with that book out in the church?" "Wi I wus tuckin notes." "Oh, nonsense," exclaimed his master. "Dat's juss wat I wus tinkin bout all de time yu whar prechin."

A GUN IS A DANGEROUS THING.

A darkey who was about to fire off a gun was told by an old negro woman "Not tu meddel wid sich tings, as dey war bery dangrus tu handel widout eder lock, stock, or barrel, kase ole Sam Tomson kill his wife wid a ramrod."

STEALING APPLES.

A negro who was up a tree stealing apples, was about to

descend, when a big Newfoundland dog came barking towards the tree, he sang out, "Ho tied dat dog luse?"

HALF OF THE BED.

An old negro was brought before Judge Bloodgood for beating his wife, he was asked why he beat her, "Kase she wont du as she like, an if she dus not I'll make her, anudder ting, she will alwais hab haf ob de bed, an tuck dat haf in de middel, so I'm blige tu slepe bof sides ob her all nite."

WHO MADE THE FENCE?"

An Ethiopian clergyman gave out as his text, "De Lord made de fuss man out ob mud, an stuck him up agin de fence tu dri." One of the congregation asked him, "Ho made dat fence?" "Yu niggers am all gettin tu smart dat kums tu dis church, so yu kan all go hum bout yor bisness, fo dar will be no mor prechin here dis da."

SAME DRUNK.

A planter told one of his slaves if he ever got drunk again he would sell him, four days after he saw the darkey so drunk that he could hardly stand, "Did I not tell you if you ever got drunk again that I would sell you?" "I'm quite shu dat yu did sa dat, massa." "Then why have you got drunk again?" "I hab not, massa, dis am de same drunk."

A FEELING CHILD.

A little darkey stood crying on Tombes' Wharf, Brooklyn, a gentleman asked him what was the matter, "Mi farder hab juss fell ober dar in de water an am droun." "Poor little child, there's a shilling for you, now do not cry anymore." "I wood not kare bout de ole man, onli he hab mi big jack knife in his pocket."

WHAT IS STEAM?

"Gud mornin, Mister Baker, I hab juss kum up frum de docks, I's bin on bord ob de Grate Estern steme ship, now dar am one ting dat I kant make out, an dat is steme, kan yu tole me wat am steme? "Ob korse I kan, steme, dat is steme, am a big pot ob water in a hi presperashun."

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Brown. Helo Jacksun, I tort dat wus yu, wi whar hab yu bin fo de lass seben monts, yu am lookin fuss-rate, juss like a rattel snake dat hab crolled out ob his ole skin.

Jackson. I's bery well, tank de Lord fo dat, Mister Broun, an de gemman dat I am libin wid now tretes me like a farder, gibs me plenti tu ete an drink, an gud klose, onli it am rader hard work fo misef an seamenti udder niggers to milk fortene tousan kows eberi da, yu se he am in de butter an chese line.

B. How menni kows, fortene tousan, wi how much butter an chese dus he make, it muss be an orful lot?"

J. I kant tole yu how much butter an chese he makes, but dis I kan tole yu, dat he hab ninetenc sor mills, an dey am all turned wid butter milk.

MR. SICKELS.

There was travelling through the State of New York in 1835, a celebrated showman, known in every corner of the State as 'Old Sickels and his Poppets.' In one of the small towns that he used to visit once a year, there came a theatrical company, the first that had ever been in the town, most of the inhabitants went on the first night to see 'Pizarro, or the death of Rolla,' and the 'Turnpike Gate.' On the following morning two darkies met—"I sa, Jim, wus yu at de sho lass nite?" "No, Sam, wat wus it like?" "Oh it whar a hepe betterer dan Sickuls's, kase de pupets wus much largerer."

BILLIARDS.

On the Erie Canal, they have now and then a negro to steer the boat, between Albany and Buffalo there are a great number of bridges that cross the canal, it is the steersman's place, before coming to a bridge, to sing out "bridge," the passengers then stoop down, and when the boat passes through they again promenade the deck. One of these darkies, who had been on the canal for upwards of ten years, went with a friend to have a game at billiards, during the play his antagonist wanted the rest, so he sang out, "Marker, bridge," down went the canal nigger under the table, and bellowed out, "Tell me wen de bote's got fru."

A QUICK SQUIRREL.

"Dick, yu ort tu hab bin out shutin las Frida wid Jake Stevens, Joe Clark, an misef. Jake Stevens shot at a squarl on de top ob a hi tree, juss den a streke ob litenin struk de tree, de spuarl got friten an started down phor de groun, de litenin arter him. But de animel bete de litenin bout half a minet De reason how he bete de litenin whar, de tree wus kurle mapel, de litenin wus blige tu foller de grane roun an roun, but de squarl run strate down."

LATE TO SCHOOL.

A little darkey, whose calves were in the front part of his legs, came always late to school, was told by the master, if he did not come for the future at the proper time, he would get a whipping, said: "He cood not kum suner, kase fo eberi step dat he tuck in frunt, he went two back, an less he turn roun an wark de udder wa, he wood nebber get tu skule."

PRESERVE THE TEETH.

A negro woman, upwards of eighty years of age, being asked what made her chew tobacco, answered, "Tu pserve mi teef." Her grandson said, "Wi, granne, yu hab onli got one teef, dat am in de middel ob yer mouf, eberi word yu speke am kut in haf, an less I stan bōf side ob yu, dis chile kant tole wat yu am torkin bout."

TWO WIVES.

A negro having married two wives, was arrested for bigamy, when the trial came on the judge asked him, why he married the two, "Kase, wen I fuss marri dat littel un (pointing towards his first wife) she use tu lick me eberi nite, an wen I marri dat gal (pointing in the direction of his second wife) dey use tu fite each udder, an nebber tuch dis chile."

CHEAP LIVING.

"Gud mornin, Jumba, how am yu getin on now?"

Jumba. "Fuss rate, I hab bin saven monni phor de lass eleben monts, an I tell you how I dus it. Eberi mornin I gib de childen haf a pint ob dride appels for breakfuss, den bout twelbe, o'klok I mak dem drink a pint ob water phor diner, wich make de littel niggers swell out so big dat da go strate to bed for supper."

GOOD SITUATION.

A negro ran away from his master, who was a Jew, said, "De reson he lef wus, da fed him on fish so long, he kud not change his klose, de bones stuck out in hepes all ober, an weneber he tride tu git his klose off, de fish bones wus tu tare dem all tu dam smash." .

CATHERINE CASHIER.

The above named murderess was executed at New York for poisoning her mistress (I was fulfilling an engagement at the Bowery Theatre at the time) I saw her hanged. On the way back home, I called on my negro washerwoman (who would weigh about sixteen stone), told her I had been to see Kate Cashier Hung. "Ho's Kate Kashere, an wat whar she hung fo?" I told her that she was a coloured woman, and had poisoned her mistress, who had been very good to her, which was proved at the trial by the other servants. "Pison her missus did she, an kill her, black wrech, hanging wus tu good fo her, da ort tu gib her a dam good wippin'!"

SIX CHANGES.

Julius, where do you get such nice new clothes? I don't see you at work any.

Call dese new close? Dis aint noffin but my mornin suit.

Morning suit?

Yes, I change six times a week now.

How is that?

Why, *off* and *on*.

COLD AND HEAT.

Sam, can you tell me which is fastest, cold or heat?

No, Julius—which is de fastest?

Why, heat.

How so?

Because anybody can catch cold.

GEOLOGY.

Julius, you seem to be getting very studious of late

What do you find to study that interests you so much ?

Oh, Sam, I've been studyin very hard lately. I'm studyin zoology, so as to go to Carifornia and work in de gold mines.

You mean geology.

Maybe I do.

Have you made any progress in your studies ?

Oh, yes ; it was pooty hard at fust, but I studied very hard, and pooty soon I conquered de preface.

Ha ! ha ! ha !

Ho ! ho ! (*mocking*) What are you laughin at ?

Why you don't mean to say that you studied the preface ?

Ob course I did. What do dey hab it in de book for, if it aint to learn ? So, you see, arter I larned dat, I got along fust rate.

Then you have made some progress ?

Oh yes, sir.

Well, I happen to know something about geology, and if you have no objections, I will ask you some questions.

Well, proceed.

Now, Julius, what is geology ?

De science ob breakin stone.

Where are its professors most numerous ?

In Sing Sing and Blackwell's Island.

What is the geologist's capital ?

A pocketful ob rocks.

What kind of stone has been most sought after ?

De philosopher's stone.

Has it ever been found ?

Yes, pooty often.

Where ?

In a horn.

Where deposited ?

In a hat.

From what does it proceed?

Quartz.

What is a flint?

A miser's heart.

Can you break it?

Yes, certainly.

Describe how.

Open his chest.

Where does granite lie?

In beds.

What is a stratum?

A layer of anything.

Will you mention one?

Yes, a hen.

Give me a better answer than that.

A ship.

A ship—why?

Because she *lays to* (*too*).

CALIFORNIA.

Pompey, I heard you had been to California.

Yes, I was dere free times.

How did you go the first time?

First time I went round the Horn, took a look at the
Horn, took a horn in a horn.

How did you go the second time?

Second time, I cut it short—I went across the Sistermuss.
The Isthmus.

Eh! eh!—as far as Panorama.

Panama.

Eh! eh!

How long did you stay there ?

I didn't stay there long.

How was that ?

Dey only gib me free weeks to git out de country.

Who was it that give you three weeks to go ?

De Valigigent Mittent Company.

I suppose you've got many friends there ?

Oh, yes, I got a whole jug full ob friends.

Did you bring any gold from California ?

No, I didn't bring any gold wid me, but I had some sent to me in a letter.

In a letter ! Was it in the quartz or in the sand ?

No, it was in de letter.

What was the intrinsic value of this gold ?

Dar was no zinc in it—noffin but gold.

What are your friends doing in California at the present time ?

Well, when I left em dey war in de mines, but dey're promoted to de finishin business.

Finishing business, eh ?

Yes, finishin dere time out in de penitentiary.

SAILING.

I went out sailing de oder day, Mr. Snow.

You did, eh ? Who was with you ?

Me, my wife and mudder.

A happy trio ! Did you have a nice time ?

Oh, yes.

How long was you out ?

Three months.

Three months, Pompey ?

Scuse me, Mr. Snow, I mean three days.

Ah! that's more like it.

Yes, sir. We hadn't been out long fore de greatest sugar-cane rose dat you eber seed.

Oh! who ever heard of a sugar cane growing out of the sea?

No, no, I mean dat de wind blowed a—a—a—

You mean that it blowed a hurricane.

Yes, dat's it; case I know eberything was in a *hurry*, den it *came*. Well, my wife had her watch on deck——

Your wife had her watch on deck! Why, dat's de first time dat I eber knowed your wife had a watch. What was it—galvanized?

No, no, I mean dat my wife was on deck, an her watch——

Why you are not going to say your wife lost her watch overboard! Poor lady!

I mean to say dat my wife—my wife—oh! *nons ob your business!*

He means to say, Bones, that his wife kept watch on deck, that is, looked out for squalls.

Did she get any?

Any what, sir?

Squirrels.

Nons ob yor business! Well, by by, I heard my wife sing out, 'Squarm ahead!'

Storm ahead, sir.

No, she said 'squarm.' She knows what she means—she knows. So I rushed on deck, seized hold of helen——

Who was Helen—your wife?

No!

Oh! then it was your mother?

No, it wasn't!

Well, who was Helen, then?

Why, de ting dat you steer by.

Oh! you mean the helm.

Yes. Well, den, in less dan one minnit we was all four in de water.

All four in de water! Why I thought dere was only three of you?

Well, wasn't de boat *one*?

Oh! I didn't know you recognised the boat as one.

Yes. It didn't recognise us, dough, when it capsized us in de water.

Well, I suppose, as you were in the water, you struck out manfully.

Yes, I struck out, but I couldn't hit no man, dough.

I mean to say, you breasted the waves.

Yes; one wave struck me, an it like to stove my breast in.

Why didn't you call on some one to preserve you?

I did call on Preserve, but he wouldn't come.

Well, did you eventually succeed in reaching terra firma?

He wasn't wid us.

Who wasn't with you?

Teddy Firma.

I mean, did you succeed in extricating yourself from the perilous position into which you were placed about that time?

What's dat you sed bout extra cakes? I don't bleve we had anything but biscuits.

Oh! I want to know how you got out, and if you saved any one.

Oh, yes, I got out after a while, but I could only save one ob de ladies, so I saved my mudder.

Why, you are very ungallant; you should have saved your wife.

No, Sam, I saved my mudder, cause I can get anoder wife anywhere, but where'll I find anoder mudder from? Say!

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Pompey, did you see dat little dog I used to hab ?

Yes, sir, I believe I did.

Well, I lost him last week.

You did ?

Yes ; I went down Broadway wid him one day last week, an he fell in a pud-muddle, an so got shipwrecked an drowned, and——

Hold on, sir, what did you say ? Shipwrecked and drowned ? What do you mean ?

I mean to say dat I was goin down Broadway one day last week an I had my dog wid me, an he fell into a pud-muddle, an so got shipwrecked an drowned.

Sam, you say your dog was drowned accidentally in a mud-puddle—now I would like to know what you mean by saying your dog was shipwrecked.

Why, certainly, it was just like a shipwreck at sea.

Pray explain yourself.

Why, case it was a *bark lost* for ever.

THE SHAVERS.

The barber shaves with polished blade,
 The mercer shaves when ladies trade ;
 The broker shaves at twelve per cent.,
 The landlord shaves by raising rent ;
 The doctor shaves in draughts and pills,
 The tapster shaves in pints and gills ;
 The farmer shaves in hay and oats,
 The banker shaves in his own notes ;
 The lawyer shaves both friends and foes,
 The peddler shaves where'er he goes ;
 The wily merchant shaves his brother,
 The people all shave one another.

THE NEGRO ORATOR.—FIRST LECTURE.

Frens, I hab now got up tu speke bout tings in genral. De fuss man dat ebber rote bout noffin in tickler whar Homer. He wus a Greke. I don't mene de kine dat kum frum Irelan, nor de Greke dat win yor monni ob yu, but de gemman dat kum frum de place wich am all grese. He rit about Mr. Illihed, an udder grate pepel dat lib in dat atmusfere, also kum frum de same kuntri. Mr. Sockertese, (de grate stait ferlosserfer) Mr. Dogernese (dis gemman hab no house, wus blige tu lib under a tub), Mr. Sofferlese, dat rit all de mellerdrammers (frum ho's book Mr. Shakeemspere tuck his traggerdese), Mr. Plato (ho fuss start de platin bisness in Bermenham), Mr. Arkemadese (ho bilt all de rale rodes, briges, an kernals), and Mr. Demosthenseses (my frens tell me dat I am berri much like de lass name preecher.) Befo I go anni farder wid de diskorse, I muss tole yu dat eberi bodde wus black in dem times (ob korse I'm luden tu de dark ages.) Dar wus Oliber Krumbell, Nero, Julikum Sesar, Magbef, an de Debbil, all black (but de lass name gemman not so black as de ress.) Mi frens, I will now speke bout Konstanternobull. Dis place wus fuss bilt bi Mr. Mohammed (a Turk.) He wus de biggest chicken bucher in de toun, an frum him all de worle get dar Krismus dinnars, I mene dose butiful berds kalled turkese, wich yu no am fuss rate when stuf wid sage, bred an unyens. At dis part ob de hemesfere, klose tu de big hill kall Olimpus, was fort de grate fite betwene Julikum Sesar an yor fuss farder, Pompey, an I am berri sorri tu sa Pompey got lick. I nex kum tu Holland. In de norf part am a toun kall Haarlem, wich tucks its name frum Harlem Brige, seben miles frum New York. Anudder place hear am

kall Rotterdam. Dis am de toun whar a grate manne bad fish kum frum. De word deribes its name frum damrotten. Dar wus a chap lib hear kall Erasmus. He war alway gettin intu dubbel trubbel bout his larnen. I now succede tu Belgium, de kapatel eb wich am Brussels, whar mose ob de karpets kum frum. Nine miles frum de lass name kouuti wus fort de battel ob Waterglu. Mr. Bonipart and Mr. Welintun led on de trupes. Dis kuntri produce Mr. Rubens an Mr. Vandyke. Da wus born at de town kall Antwerp, frum dem started de witewashun bisness. De nex kuntri dat I will splane bout am Denmark. Frum dis place kum Hamlet an Ofelyer, de tuo lubbers dat Shakemspere tuck intu his service, at a toun kall Kopenhagen. Mr. Lord Nelson lick de Danes, an tuck sebtene ships. Mr. Thorwaldsen, (ho use tu make pepel out ob marbel) went tu skule in dis part ob de globe (Mr. Dawson hab got a race hoss name arter him). I now aribe at Lapland. Dis am whar all de lapdogs kum frum. De pepel am berri fishy, kase dey desend frum de Fins, an am kuncidered a skaley generashun. I spose yu tink I mene dis phor a pun, but I dus. Mi frens, fo de nex subjec I'll drike yu in Sweden. Tu dis kuntri we depen phor sum ob de gratess luckserrese. Onli look at de big turnips. Wat wood de hosses, hogs, an shepe du wid out em. Wi it am horabel tu tink wat all ob us wood sufer, dar fo I shal drop dis plase an pas on tu Norway. De kapatel ob de kuntri am kall Christiansa, an dar am a great mani kapatel black gals in dis kuntri name arter de same place. Old Bull, de selembred fidler, kum frum dis jeografikel part ob de globe, but he cood not pla de banjo, or bones eder, so I will lef him an de kuntri bof run luse. I shal now, mi frens, wine up de ebenin's diskorse bout dat kuntri whar all de wile bares kum frum. I mene Russia.

Petersburg is de hed toun. Ole Pete Williams (dat kepes a dance house on de Fibe Pints) tucks his name frum dis place, kase he am a distent relashun ob bout fibe thousan miles frum Peter de Grate. Mr. Bonapart wunce went to dis kuntri, but foun it so dam hot dat he had tu lebe phor sum French settelment. Massa Howard also went to Russia. Now he wus a grate good man, phor he look arter all de prisoners, see dat dey hab plenti tu ete an drink, an a good place tu slepe, an dis chile am berri sorry tu sa dat he die dar bout de yere 1790, an I hope, my frens, wen anni ob yu get in prison, yu will hab sum pursun tu tuk kare ob yu. Dar am a big track ob water ober here kall de White Sea, but as dere am no kullered pepel liben in dese parts, I shal sa no mo bout it. Fo yor kine tenshun dis ebenin, mi frens, low me tu turn mi ticklar an manni tanks, an korden as yu drap de rino in de plate as yu go out, so shal I frame de diskorse fo tu-morrer nite, an I dus hope, frum de infer-mashun yu hab reseve frum dis (mi fuss lectur) yu will be abel tu konterdick manni pursuns ho hole argerments bout histerri, an udder tings da no noffin bout, anni mo dan a rattel snake dus lodin one ob Mr. Kolt's six-barl pistels, an shutin it off at a big elerfent.

SECOND LECTURE.

Good ebenin, mi frens, I tole yu lass nite dat I shud frame de diskorse korden as yu fro de rino in de plate. Now wen I tuck it hum, I foun dar wus fibe dolars an twenti-seben sents, wich will pa mi bord an login fo two wekes, an also fo de same I'm berri tankful. De lectur will kummence dis ebenin bout Poland; frum dis kuntri kums de hoop-poles, fishin-voles, tad-poles, barber's-poles, sides seberal udder kine of

poles, an de Polander's ladder, dat yu hab sene in de cirkus, wen de man stan on de top ob his hed. Warsaw wus de kapatel ob dis kuntri, in it lib Sobieski an Kosciusko, two berri brabe men, de lass name, gemmen, berri much like Massa Washington, an I cood not sa mo, if I whar tu speke six monts. I nex kum tu Prussia, de kapatel am Berlin, wich am a grate shepe bredin place, frum here kums all de Berlin wool, an de Prushan blue, kall bi sum pepel, blue indergo. Dar am anudder toun here, Potsdam, wich tucks its name frum a big mildam, an in dis mill all de habitents get dar korn groun. Kloce bi lib Frederick de Grate, ho use tu tuck bout fibe poun ob snuff eberi weke. Fred. am here yet, but he am in a coffin. Bonapart wunce tuck Potsdam, an stole Frederick's sord, wich he gabe back tu de Prushans arter de Battel ob Waterglu, I tink dis happen bout 1805. Mendelsohn, de grate fusishuner wus born in Prusher, so whar Massa Humbolt, ho rote all bout de flowers, trees, bushes, an all sich kine ob wegertables. Austria am de nex in de programm, frum dis lattertude kums de biggist kine ob berds dat am in de worl, kall do ostrich, frum dem de gals get dose butiful fedders tu kut sich swells fru de stretes, an dribe haf de maskerline ganders tu de lunertick silum. De hed toun ob Austria am Vienna, here am de imperiel palles an de berrien groun, won am juss as gud as de udder, but I tink de grabe yard will lass de longess. Follerin up de subjec, I shal now tuck a trip intu Germany, frum wich kuntri, kums all dem chaps dat kepes de grocerre stores, larger bere houses, orgin grinders, sasengers, sower krout, an de rele Jarmin ban, ho pla on de awfulklide, clamenet, konopien, an sich like instrerments. Frankfort am de kapatel, de name am tuck frum Massa Ben Franklin, de Merikan ferloserfer, a fren ob Jorge Washintun an eberi bodi els. He wus de purson dat

vented lectrisite, liten rods, an telegraf. Dar am a riber here kall de Mayne, all long de shore lib de grate hazard players. In the city ob Augsburg, Massa Luther draw up de pertishun fo de Prertestents, an it whar persented tu de Emperer Charley de Fifth, bout de yere 1530, an it whar frum Massa Luther dat we larn tu kepe de Lord on our side, den so long as we mine him, go to ehurch, an be good, we nede not kare or be afrade ob anni bodie els. Dis kuntri hab produce Mr. Mozart, Mr. Beethoven, Mr. Handel Mr. Haydyn, Mr. Gluck, Mr. Weber, Mr. Meyerbeer, an Mr. Bach, all grate kumposers an fusishuners, ho cood pla on ani instrerment cept de banjo or bones. Mr. Schiller am de grate riter in dese parts, an de pepel look on him as John Bull dus on Massa Shakenspere. De nex diskorse fo de ebenin will be Switzerland, in dis kuntri am a berri hi hill kall Mont Blanc, da also hab a grate big dog, ho am name Bernard. Massa Julikur Sesar wunce tuck dis kuntri, but Mr. Bill Tell shute de gubernier, Massa Gesler, tuck de place, an it am now a Publikan Gubberment. Mr. Haller, Mr. Rousseau, Mr. Levater an Mr. Zimmerman kum frum dis hemesfere, all berri good men. I will nex, mi freus, tuck a dibe inter Portugal, frum dis place kums de wine kall port, an udder kine ob drunks, de pepel ober in dis latemtude am neder wite or black, but bout haf an haf, de same kuller as de drunk yu get in Lundun, haf hale an haf stout. Lisbon am de kapatel, in 1755 dar wus a grate erthquake tuck place in dis toun, ober twenti-fibe tousan pepel went doun under de groun, an it am fortunet, mi freus, dat yu whar not mung de kroud, phor yu wood hab went farder doun dan de groun, an foun it berri hot. I will kunklude dis ebenin lectur wid akount bout Spain, dar am a grate manni touns in dis kuntri, one ob dem am Castile, dis am whar de sope kum frum. Saville am anudder, frum dis

kum all de oranges, an Corunna de place whar poor Mr. Sir John Moore wus kill, dar am also a big rock in dis side ob de globe, kall Gibraltar, an de Cape Trafalgar, here Mr. Nelson lick de Spanish an French Nashun, but de poor gemmen wus kill hesef. De Bay ob Biscay am in dese parts, it ar berri dangres to lib here, de Moors, ho wus black pepel, had a toun out here, kall Cordova, da made all dar ledder frum de gote hide. Arragon am also here, King Henri de 8th ob England got his queen Katteren frum dis toun. Mr. Cortez, Mr. Cervantes, Mr. Fedinand an Miss Isabella all kum frum Spane, de lass gemmen an ladi sent Mr. Kolumbus tu Merika, bout 1492. Mr. Joe Bonapart wus wunce in Spane, but he rane so miti hard at fuss, he den tort he bess tu missel, an go tu de United States. I tink, mi frens, dat I hab splane de lecturer dis ebenin tu yor satesfacshun, de plate will be at de door, yu kan drap in wat yu tink bess, as yu pas out, but afor yu go, I mite as well tole yu dat mi butes am berri bad out at de toes, an yu muss kno de wedder am cole, I shoold like tu hab a kuppel a pare of stokins, an a shorl tu rap roun mi frote, so I kan be abel tu speke better durin de lectures, but dese tings I shall lebe tu yor kunsiderashun, de lecturer to morrer nite will be larger dan dis ebenin, so de door will be open at fife o'clock, now yu kan all go hum, but as yu pas out dont foget de plate.

THIRD LECTURE.

Mi frens, wen yu all lebe de place lass nite, I tuck de plate an kount de rino dar wus six dolars an eleben sents, fo wich I am blige phor yor kunsiderashun,—generemossite (de lass wurd am radder long), but it anters pher de purpes, an stamps on dese skientiffick lectures on de kronollergese ob de

globe, a mor reskpeektombel uppereance. Wid de rino I bort dese butes, wich I put on de chare so yu kan see 'em, dis muffeler roun mi neck, dem mittens dat yu obsarve on de top ob mi hat, dis wesket dat I hab on, an dose briches (skuse me, ladese), I ment tu sa panterlunes, I hope de wa I hab lade de monni out metes wid yer apperbashun. De lecturer dis ebenin will kummence wid France, wich kuntri hab produse manni tings dat am in use fru-out de globe, de two dat hab dun de moss gud fo Ameriker am de French benes an de bayonnets, de fuss, wen kook wid pork, yu all no am de bess dish in de United States, if de pork am onli gud de beans will alwys speke fo demselbes, an de bayonnet, in our forfarders' hans, gabe de inderpendance on de Forf ob Juli, 1776, an de same weppen help tu sot de kullered pepel free under Jenerel Grant, Jenerel Sherman, Jenerel Burnside, an plenti ob udder jenerels kunstruckshuns; anudder ting de French produse am playen kards, da wus made fo sum ole fulish king tu muse em an pas awa his time, an I am bery sorri tu sa dar ar tu manni pepel in dis kuntri ho passes awa tu much time in playen poker, bluf, seben up, farrer bank, monte, an udder games, insted ob kumin tu hear instruktib lecters as yu hab tu-nite. Parris am de kapatel ob France. Dare am a city ober here kall Lyons, Mr. Van Amburgh gets all ob his annermals frum dis place. Joan ob Ark, kum frum France an wus rosted tu deth. In de Norf ob France am de toun ob Nancy, Miss Nancy Dorsan kum frum dis place, an so dus de song. De toun ob Rouen am whar all de boteraces kums off, de big church wus bilt bi Bill de Konkerrer, frum Englin. Orleans am name arter New Orleans dat belong tu Mrs. Sippe; King Loo Phillip use tu lib here, he also use tu kepe a skule an die in Englan under de bery unkonmon name ob Mister Smith. Mr. Napoleon Bonapart kum frum Corsica, he die at

St. Helena, an ilan in de Lantern Oshun, bout fibe hundred miles frum Gud Hope, an he am now berried in Parris. Mr. Julikum Sesar wunce tuck dis kuntri bout sixty yeres befo our Lord wus born, Massa Sesar whar a trabbeller, an albays made de kuntri fokes pa his suspences. Mr. Buffon, ho rote bout de annermals, berds, an fishers, Mr. Voltaire, ob de same stile as Tom Paine, Jenerel La Fayette, de fren ob Massa Jorge Washington, Mr. Auber, de kumposer, all kum frum France, bull frogs am also in grate deman fo brekfuss, diner, supper, an atwene meles, da gollup em doun at anni time. Now as I hab had a run fru France, I will juss tuck a pepe intu Italy, de kapatel ob wich am Rome, de later place wus bilt bi two poor littel childen, an de onli mudder da eber had tu gib dem anni milk wus sum wile annermal, it mite hab bin a shepe, bare, lion, kangerru, hoss, or a wulf, it makes no mater wich, dar fate muss hab bin drefful hard, de names ob dese two childen I tink whar Master Romulus an Master Remus, an a debbil ob a hepe ob mussus hab tuck place in dat city sense it whar fuss bilt. Mount Vesuvius is ober here, an if de udder worl am hotter dan dat place I pitte all dem unbelebin niggers. Mr. Pliny wus burn tu deth in dis place, he whar kalled de natteralist, an I tink it whar natteral he shud get burnd arter he fall in. Venice is in dese parts, de gubberner ob de toun am kall doge, der am no stretes here, fo all de stretes am kernals, de pepel hab tu wark fru dem in botes, an de dogs hab tu swim roun. De biggest church in de globe am in Rome, it tuck a hundred an eleben yeres tu bild, an kost twelbe millyen ob pouns, de name ob de church am St. Peter's. Mr. Cicero, Mr. Virgil, Mr. Horace, (I don't mene Greely) Mr. Sallust, Mr. Livy, (not de pon-broker) Mr. Julikum Sesar, de abuv inklude mossali riters an spekers, an Mr. Sesar cood fite a few, Mr. Mike Angelo an

Mr. Raphael in de paint bisness, **Mr. Correlli**, **Mr. Allegro**, **Mr. Cherubini**, **Mr. Bellini**, **Mr. Donnizetti**, an **Mr. Rossini**, in de musick line, de lass name gemman die in Parris dis yere, 1868, all de abuv name gemmen kum frum dis kuntri. I will nex tuck yu wid me to Scotland, wich am kall "de lan ob kakes," wat fo I dunno, kase de onli kine I eber se dere wus de skons, de short, an de otekakes; dey hab plenti ob gud instrerments, spesherle de bagpipes an Skoch fiddel, on bof sum ob de habetants preform butiful; de kapatel am Edinburgh; de ole name ob de kuntri whar Caledonia, an it tucks de name frum "Caller ou," wich I tink menes fresh oysters. I neber had a clam de hole time I whar in dis part ob de globe, offen ob a nite wen I went tu slepe hab I stop awake all de time tinkin bout clam soup, clam chouder, clam flitters, clam pot-pi, hot korn an pumkin pies, yu ma look at me, mi frens, noboddi kan tell wat an ole trabbeller like misef hab gorn fru. Tu projeck backerds, I muss tole yu dat Robinson Crusoe, kum frum a place kall Fife, an his name wus Alexander Selkirk, he whar tuck in han an edderkated bi de skulemaster, Daniel Defoe. Dar am a toun ober here kall Clackmannan, Robert Bruce, king ob de Skoch, use tu lib in dis place. Klus tu Perth am Scone, dis am whar de Skoch kings had de kroun put on de top ob dar hed. Linlithgow am de pallus whar Mary de queen wus born. Ben Nevis am also in dis kuntri, he am not a man, but a big mountin bout phor tousan fre hundred an fife fete hi. Falkirk am on de rode tu Edinburgh, it tucks its name frum de church dat fell down, as a church in Skotlan am kall a kirk; klus tu dis toun Mr. Sir John de Graham, de fren ob Mr. Sir William Wallace, wus kill bi de trupes ob King Edward de Fuss, ob Englun, in 1298. On an iland kall or Icolmkill, bout fre miles long, dar am berried

phorti-eight Skoch kings, phor Irish kings, an eight Norwegian princes. In de toun ob Alloway Robert Burns wus born. Mr. Buchanan, an Mr. Smollet, ho rote bout wat I'm now tolin yu, kum frum dis kuntri. Skotlan jine de English Gubberment in de year 1603, wen Jim de Sixth, de sun ob Mary, tuck de phrone in Lundun, but in de year 1707, wat wus kall de Union, de hole kuntri kum as de won nashun. De Skoch am a grate pepel fo larnen. Magbef, Magduf, an all de wiches hab leff de kuntri; dar am a few Rob Roys noekin roun, but dey ete, drink, an alepe, same as udder pepel; Baley Nickul Jarbe hab lef de Salt Market, an emergrant furdur up de kuntri. I now, mi frens, arribe at wat I shall kall de big littel kuntri ob England, wat I mene bi dis it am littel in sise, but big in welth, larnen, trade, agrakulter, grate men, grate women, an eberiting dat's grate an good, eben de fiergrate kan't be bete, London am de kapatel, it wus bilt hundreds ob years befor our Lord kum in dis worle, bi Mr. Brutus an Mr. Æneas, de forfarders of Mr. Homer, ho I menshun tu yu in de fuss lecter, Mr. Julikum Sesar bilt de White Tower dat am in de big Tower ob Lundun, he tuck dis part ob Enghun bout fifti-fibe yeres befo de burth ob our bressed Savor. Mr. Caractacus, a beri brabe jenerel, wus tuck tu Rome boun wid chanes, an brort tu Mr. Claudius, de gubberner, ho was so plese wid de pearence ob Mr. King Caractacus dat he gub him his fredum. Mrs. Queen Boadicea fort beri hard tu lick de Romans, but she got in so much trubel dat she pison hersef, howeber, in bout de year 409 de Romans wus blige tu lebe de kuntri. Alfred de Great wus bout de best king dat eber whar in dis or anni udder kuntri in de globe, de trial bi jurra he fuss started, an frum dis kums all de libberte, cept wat kums frum de big charter ob Mr. King John, ho wus blige tu sine in de

year 1215. Dis kuntri hab had a grate manni kings an queens too, sumtimes de pepel wus up, sumtimes doun, till de year 1066, wen Bill de Konkerror (ho I tole yu bilt a church at Rouen in France) kum frum Normandy, he kick up a debil ob a row, hab a fite wid Mr. Harold at de toun ob Hastings, Mr. Harold an hundreds ob his frens whar kill, an Bill wus kall de Konkerror an King ob Englun, his wife wus name Matilda an whar a beri good woman. Sheffield am de place whar all de kutlerre kums frum; Bimingham, de buttens, guns, jewelre, an udder tings in de platin bisness; Northampton, de butes an shoes; Bradford, Leeds, Manchester, Huddersfield, an udder touns, de clorf dat make de klose tu kepe us warm; Cornwall, de tin; Whitehaven, Workington, Newcastle, Warrington, an plenti ob udder places, de fiercole, in fack, mi frens, yu kan get suffin or udder in anni part ob dis kuntri, wich yu muss low am sayin a hepe fo de habbitents on dat part ob de nocktural line in dis hemmesfear. North an South Wales bof am kuncidered in Englun. In Caernarvon Castle wus born de fuss Prince ob Wales, ho arterwards bekum King Edward de Second ob Englun, he wus onli kall de Prince ob Wales tu plese de pepel ob Wales, wat yu wood kall in dese times soft sorder or soft sope; arter he bekum king he hab a grate favrite, Mr. Graveston, but Mr. Guy, Earl of Warwick, tuck Mr. Graveston's hed off; dis wus also de king dat fort agin Mr. Bob Bruce an Mr. Bill Wallace dat I tole yu bout in Skotlan bot de year 1314. Dis kuntri hab produce plenti ob grate men, I kan onli name a fue ob dem fo de present, an dey am Mr. Shakespeare, Mr. Pope, Mr. Bacon, Mr. Lord Byron, Mr. Lord Chatham, ho tuck his name frum Chatham Street, New York, Mr. Milton, dat lib in bof ob de Paradises, Mr. Isaac Newton, ho wus fond ob grabitashun, Mr. Blackstone, ho put doun de law, Mr. Lord

Nelson, ho lick de French, Mr. Johnson, de gräte lexikogrefer, de riter ob de bookshunary, Massa Jorge Washintun's phorfarders, sides hundeds an tousans ob udders ho's desendants now gubbern de biggest part ob dis worle, an will du so as long as dis worle stans on de globe. Mi frens, as tu-morrer am Crismas Ebe, dar will be no lecturer, but I shall hang mi stockin up at de dor dis ebening in de shape ob de plate, yu kan all be Santerklorses, an put in wat yu tink proper, so I kan spen de Crismas an New Year like anni udder gemman; de lecters will kumence on de Elebenth ob Januerray, so yu kan now all go hum, an I wish yu all a Merri New Year an Happe Crismas, but as yu go out don't forget de stockin, I mene de plate.

FOURTH LECTURE.

Mi frens, fo yor kine tenshun in drappin de eleben dolars, forti-fibe cents in de plate on de nite ob mi lass lecturer I'm berri tankful, wid de rino I spen a gud Crismas, also a Merri New Year's weke, an I hope yu all oberjoied yorsefs de same. De lecturer dis ebenin will kummenge wid Ireland, de kuntri ho fuss tuck our butiful frute kall pertaters an plant dem at a place kall Youghal, it am frum de pertaters dat so manni ob de Irish gemmen am kall Murfee. Dublin am de kapatel, here ar a gräte manni fine bildens—de Bank ob Ireland, (formerle de ole House ob Parlament,) Trinity-Kollege, (dis kollege wus foun bi Mrs. Queen Elizabeth,) Custom House, an udders, tu numberus tu bring in a lecturer ob dis kine. Cork am kunsidered nex tu Dublin, dis am whar dey get de bess butter frum, it am in de Souf ob Ireland. Belfast am de nex, dis am in de Norf ob Ireland, an whar moss ob de linnun kums frum. Limerick am in de West ob Ireland,

frum here kums de putte gals, linnun an wullen 'guds, an
 tobacker. De gubberner ob de kuntri am kall de Lord
 Leftenant, an hab de same tu sa as Mrs. Queen Victoria.
 De kuntri am wided intu phor probenses—Leinster, Munster,
 Connaught, an Ulster; in de olden time each ob dese hab a
 king, but it am now all under Mrs. Queen Victoria, an she,
 bi de kunsent ob de Hous ob Parlament, sens de gubberner
 Lord Leftenant tu look arter tings in jenerel. Klus tu de
 toun ob Drogheda wus fort de grate battel ob de Boyne, in de
 yere ob 1690, Mr. King William made Mr. King James lebe
 de track. De City ob Kilkenny am ober in dese parts, dis
 am whar de kats fite so hard, Mr. Dean Swift get his
 edifikashun in dis place. Mr. Saint Patrick, ho drobe de
 snakes, todes, bullfrogs, an all sich insex frum de kuntri, am
 berried at a place kall Downpatrick. De Bog ob Allen am
 ulso berri kuries, it kunsis ob a big peace ob lan dat am
 noffin but tousans ob ole rotten trese dat wus lef here in de
 time ob de flud, de pepel all fru de kuntri use it insted ob
 kole, an a butiful fier it makes, spesherle tu rost pertaters,
 de habbitents kall it turf. Irelan hab produse a grate manni
 smart gemmen, de folleren am a fue—Goldsmith, Swift,
 Congreve, Sterne, Steele, Burke, Sheridan, Curran, Ussher,
 Grattan, an de Duke ob Wellington, de lass name gemman
 dun a hepe ob bisness wid Mr. Napolen Bonapart in France
 at Waterloo, an also wid his trupes in udder parts ob de
 globe. I shall now, my frens, tuck a run fru de kuntri
 whar yor phorfarders kum frum—Africa—it wus fuss pepeled
 bi de posterrite ob Ham, ho, yu no, wus de sun ob Noah, de
 kuntri am full ob wile beasts, de lion, tiger, ellerfent, an
 hundreds ob udders, all redde tu ete yu up, de klimet am berri
 hot, an dis is wat make de habbitents so black, kase de sun
 am so hot dat it tans de pepel's skins; dar am a riber ober

here kall de Niger, frum wich moss pepel tink de kullered race am kalled nigger arter. Africa I shall split in bout fibe parts, an will kall em de Norf, Souf, East, an West dervishuns, an de interior. In de Norf is Barbary, it am a track ob lan on de koast ob de Mederteranean sea, it sucksedes frum de Lantern Oshun on de West, an tu Egept on de East, frum dis place kums Miss Barbary Allen—yu hab all herd de song. Morocco am de moss portent ob de Barbary States, kase de emperer libs here, an here am also foun dem biggest kine ob snakes kall de boy kunstruckter, I shoold tink de skulemaster wood be de proper name fo him, kase he kan lick anni annermal in de woods, dey am sumtimes foun sebenti feet long. Algiers am a small state, it wus wunce full ob pirates. Wunce stud ober here de City ob Carthage, an wus kunsidered de seckon city in de worl. In de Souf am Caffraria, tu de Norf ob de Cape ob Good Hope, dis am kall de Hottentots' kuntri, de pepel am all black an no noffin. De colony ob de Cape am in de fardest Souf part of Africa, de kapatal am Cape Town, here de ships frum Englan on dar wa tu de East Indies stop an get suffin tu ete. In de East am Egypt, boun on de East bi de Red See an Asia, an on de Norf bi de Mederteranean sea; here am de Pyramids, da am kunsidered de gratess wonders in de worl, (yu muss not tink I mene de perramids dat da pla on de bilyard tabel.) In dis kuntri Joseph, dat yu rede ob in de Bibel, wus sole bi his brudders; here Moses wus foun in de bullrushers, an ober here de Jews kross de Red See on dri lan. Grand Cairo am de kapatel ob Egypt. Abyssinia am a big empire, de kuntri am full ob wile annermels, an de pepel am berri bad, dey lib on ror mete, dey kut de flesh frum de annermel wile it am alibe, an ete it warm frum de bodi, dis am de place whar Mr. King Theadore lib, ho Mr. Lord Napper setteled fo puttin sum

kristins in prisun. In de West am Lower Guinea an Upper Guinea, in dese parts de habbitents am a hosspitterbel race ob kullered pepel, an da go all naked, de wedder am so berri hot da kant ware no klose. De interior ob Africa hab a grate number ob states, de princerpel am Soudan, Timbuc-too, an Sahara, de Grate Desert, wich am bout two tousan miles long. Africa, mi frens, am de less none dan anni udder part ob de globe, it am habbited bi seberal distink race ob pepel—de Moors in de Norf, de Negroes in de middel, an de Caffres an Hottentots in de Souf, an I am berri sorri tu sa dat de bess part ob dem am in a barberus state, an tink noffin bout dis or de udder worl. I shall drop de subjec bout de kuntri whar yor phorfarders kum frum, an speke bout de hemesfere whar moss ob de kulered pepel lib, bi dis yu muss unerstan dat I mene America, an, mi frens, I muss tole yu dar am seberel kines ob Americas, as follers—Norf America, Souf America, Britesh America, Rushan America, Daneish America, Senterel America, and de United States ob America, all de abuv Americas tucks dar name frum Amerigo Vespucci, ho wus a Florentine, an visited de Norf koast ob Souf America in 1499, wen he got back tu his own kuntri, he rote a book an tole wat he hab sene in de new diskubbered konternent; but I tink de new konternent shood hab bin name arter Mr. Christopher Columbus, for he diskubbered de konternent in 1492; howeber, wun ting I am plese wid, de bess tune we hab in de Nited States am kall 'Hale Kolumber, Happe Lan,' wich am name arter Mr. Columbus. Wen he kum tu dis part ob de globe, Henry de Sebenth wus king ob Englun, Ferdinand an Isabella (ho sent Columbus ober) wus king an queen ob Spane, James de Forth wus king ob de Skoch, an dar wha no preserdent in America. I muss tole yu dat in
 3, Henry de Sebenth sent out Mr. John Cabot, ho

diskubbered Newfoundland an udder places. I shall now speke bout de Nited States, dar whar thurtene ob dem—Georgia, name arter King George de Second, South Carolina an North Carolina, name arter King Charles de Second, Virginia, name arter Queen Elizabeth, Maryland, name arter Henrietta Maria, de Queen ob Charles de First, Delaware arter de riber ob de same name, Pennsylvania, name arter William Penn an de woods roun dat quarter, New York, name arter de Duke ob York, it wus fuss founded bi de Duch, ho kall it New Amsterdam, Connecticut, arter de riber ob dat name, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, an New Hampshire, am de udder phor ob de thurtene orignal states, an as I'm not sartin bout wat dey am name arter, shall sa noffin on de subjec. De abuv states deklare demselbes independent in 1776, an got em frum Englun in 1783. De fuss presurdent wus Massa Washington, he kepe de plase two times, phor yeres each time, de pepel want him tu tuck de plase agin, but he tole dem dat eight yeres whar long nuff fo wun man tu be de hed ob anni gubberment, an korden how tings am gwine on in dese times he wus rite. Sense de Rebberlushun ob 1783, dar hab bekum grate manni udder states, as follers, Maine, Vermont, Texas, California, Missouri, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Arkansas, Florida, Tennessee, Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Nevada, Oregon, an Kansas; de territories am Utah, Nebraska, Dakota, New Mexico, Colorada, an Washington. Dar am wun plase kall de District ob Columbia, de kapatel am Washington, name arter Massa Washington, here stans de big wite hous, it am de reserdence ob de presurdent, Kongres metes here, an mose ob de bisness ob de hole Nited States am kunducked at dis stablishment. Dis kuntri hab produse numbers ob grate

men, at de hed am Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, seterer, seterer, seterer, an I spose yu no de ress, so it am no use tu name em. Dar whar ober phor millyan slabes in dis kuntri befo de Souf kall demselbes kundfederets, but tank de Lord fo de war an de Norf gemmen fo sotten dem free, an, mi frens, I tink I cood not kunklude de lecturer at a betterer time dan dis, de plate will be at dore as befo, an as I hab kunkluded de lecturer bout de free kullered pepel, on a free subjec, I hope yu'll all drap de rino freeli in de plate—nuff ced.

FIFTH LECTURE.

Mi frens, de lecturer fo dis ebenin will be wat I shall kall de konglomherashuns internashernel grupes ob de klasicks, dat am a slite inkline bout de phor lecters dat I hab hole phorth in dis bilden, phre dat I gib befo Krismus, an de wun lass nite. De fuss persun I speke bout in de fuss lecturer whar Homer, de Greke, he am dar yet an a hepe ob udders wid em, Illihed, Sockertese, Dogernese, de tub man, Sofferclese, ob de traggerdese, Plato, Arkemadese, de bilder, Demosthenseses, de precher, am all in de same plase; Krumbell, Nero, Seasar, Magbef, an de Debil, hab bin trabbelin fru de dark kuntrese, so I kant tole yu whar dey am now. Mr. Mohammed hab lef de Turkese, an also gib up de poletre bisness; Olympus an Pompey am klus tuggedder, Harlem Bridge am in de same place, but dat Harlem in Holland hab muve awa frum whar it am now; Rotterdam an Massa Erasmus am still spoken bout in dem parts; Belgium an Brussels stuck tu dar groun, but Bonapart an Wellington, wid all de trupes, hab lef Waterlu; Rubens an Vandyke am berri well, an de toun ob Antwerp still dus a few in de witewashun bisness; Denmark,

Hamlet, Ofeleyer, Thorwaldsen, an Kopenhagen am silant on de subjec, kase Mr. Lord Nelson an Shakensfere hab lef de plase ; Lapland, wid all de littel lap dogs an udder pepel, am duin a fuss-rate trade ; Sweden, wid all her big turnups, kan onli juss bout make bof ens mete ; Norway an Christiana am well up in de worl, an Old Bull kepes de hole kuntri alibe wid his fiddel ; Russia, Petersburg, Peter de Grate, an all Pete Williams' relashuns, am on de up track sinse Bonapart lef dat hemesfere ; poor Massa Howard, I'm sorri tu sa, still alepes in dat forren kuntri ; de White Sea am juss as white as ebber, an no kullered pepel hab setteled in dem parts yet. Poland am now under de hans ob Russia an udder vampiers, an a hard time de poor Poles hab ob it, eber sinse 1831 de Poles hab bin trien tu klime up de ladder, but Russia, Prussia, or Austria, hab albays tuck de steps out an let dem fall tu de groun agin, tanks dat de brabe Sobieski an Kosciusko am at ress. Prussia, wid de indergo blue, Berlin, wid de wool, Potsdam wid de flour mill, Frederick de Grate in his koffin, Mendelssohn, de kumposer, Massa Humbolt, ob de flowers, trees, an udder wegerterbels noterrietese, am all bout de same state as wen I speke tu yu lass on de subjec. Austria, Vienna, wid de pallus an berrien groun, still look as if dey will lass sum time tu kum. Germany hab suffered friteful sinse de store an larger bere hous kepers, organ grinders, an rele Jarman bans hab lef de kuntri, de onli instrerment dey hab lef am de katterlener, tu pla wich yu muss fuss koch a libe kat, stuck her hed undur yor arm, den turn an pineh her tale, de musick will den foller, an it am almose as gud as a Chinese orkester. Frankfort, de riber Mayne, City ob Augsburg, dat tuck Massa Luther's pertishun fo de prtestents tu de Emperor Charley de Fifth, Mr. Mozart, Handel, an de udder grate kumposers, Schiller, de Shakens-

fere ob Germany, am all duin as well as kan be speckted in dese hard times. Switzerland an Mount Blanc hole dar own; William Tell an de Gubberner Gesler muss be out huntin wun anudder, an de Bernard dogs muss be out wid em. Haller, Rousseau, Lavater, an Zimmerman, am in sollertude, wat de lass gemman rote bout. Portugal an Lisbon am still in de port wine trade. Spain, wid de Castile sope, an Seville, wid de oranges, am bulle fo yu. Gibraltar an Cape Trafalgar am de same ole frens, now an den dey hab a few viserters frum de Bay ob Biscay, an a few Moors frum Cordova. Arragon peres de same, but Cortez, Cervantes, Ferdinand, an Mrs. Isabella, am off tu sum betterer place. Joseph Bonapart wus sene sum time ago, but de pepel tink he slope fo Ameriker. Parris an France am juss bout dis time all up a tree kunsernin de ex-queen ob Spane, ho libs here wid a few ob her frens. All de wile annermals hab lef Lyons. Nancy Dorsun am gwine tu Rouen tu se William de Konkerrer's church. Orleans am entertanein Mrs. Sippe an Loo Phillips. Bonapart am not in Corsica, but sum ob his frens ar. St. Helena am in de same Lantern Oshun, an de same distunse frum Good Hope. Buffon hab gib up riten bout annermels sence dey lef Lyons. Voltaire am huntin fo Tom Paine. General La Fayette am wid his phorfarders. Bullfrogs am still in grate phorce. Italy an Rome am lookin up, so am Mount Vesuvius, Mr. Pliny am under it. Dey hab not foun de childen dat bilt Rome—Romulus an Remus. Venice, de doge, an St. Peter's church am bout de same. Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Sallust, Livy, Julikum Sesar, Angelo, Raphael, Cherubini, Correlli, Allegro, an Bellini, kant be foun, but sum ob de bess geograffers tink dey am all trabbelin tu de West. Scotland am happi wid de kakes, pipes, an fiddel. Edinburg Castel am still lookin doun on Walter Scott's monnerment.

Robinson Crusoe hab gorn back tu de ilan whar he wus befo but dis time in de shape ob a monnerment made out ob stun Daniel Defoe's memberence will go wid em. Robert Bruce am now at Dunfermline church. Mary, Queen ob de Skoch, am in Westminster Abbey, but ob poor William Wallace I kant tell. On de Ilan ob Iona, de phorti-eight Skoch kings, de phor Irish kings, an de eight Norwegian princes am in dar soun slepe. Burns, Buchanan, an Smollet, hab frens all ober de worl. Magbef, Magduff, an Rob Roy, am whar dey kant fite no mo. England an London am all alibe an kickin. King Caractacus an Queen Boadicea hab not bin sene sinse dey fit de Romans, nor hab King Alfred sinse he fit de Danes. Bill de Konkerrer am at Caen in a koffin. Sheffield, Birmingham, Northampton, Bradford, Leeds, Manchester, Huddersfield, Cornwall, Whitehaven, an Newcastle, am still gwine on wid de kutlerre, buttens, guns, jewelre, butes, shues, klot, tin, kole, an udder kummodertese. Massa Shakespear, Pope, Bacon, Byron, Chatham, Milton, Newton, Blackstone, Nelson, an Johnson, hab a hole ob de pepel's branes in dis an eberv kuntri in de globe, an jussaly so, fo dey whar all grate men. Ireland am still in Hibernia, an de pertaters gro butiful at Youghal, an all fru de kuntri dey am makin monni berri fass, kase de kapatel am albays Dublin, I spose yu se de phun ob de joke, but yu nede not laf. Cork, Belfast, Limerick, an de Lord Leftenant, am onli so so. Leinster, Munster, Connaught, an Ulster, hab not herd frum dar kings. Drogheda an de Boyne Riber am here, but King William an King James hab not bin sene sinse 1690. De City ob Kilkenny an de castel still stans klus tu de place whar Dean Swift went tu skule. Saint Patrick an Downpatrick am, as usel, tuggedder, an will not be seprated till dis worl am dun wid. De Bog ob Allen still fines de turf fo de

poor, an rost pertaters am hunted frum de ashes eberi nite. Goldsmith, Swift, Congreve, Sterne, Steele, Burke, Sheridan, Curran, Ussher, Grattan, an de Duke ob Wellington, am as heretuphor de tork ob de hole kuntri. De Duke ob Wellington desolbe pardnership wid Bonapart on de 18th ob June, 1815, de same yere dat I, yor expeckted lecturer, wus born, in dis City ob New York, on de 13th ob Frebuare. Africa, de lan ob yor phorfarders, am still full ob de assendence ob Ham an Noah, ho am all as black as eber; de lions, tigers, ellefants, an all de wile annermels am joying demselbes ober de planes an fru de phorests. De Riber Niger, Mediterranean Sea, an de Lantern Oshun, am nocken roun Egypt. De Emperrer ob Morocco hab lef de Barbary States, kase dey hab kill moss ob de boy kunstruckters, so he went up de kuntri tu hunt fo sum ob de same sort ob game. Algiers am kave in, an so am de pirates. Caffraria, de lan ob de Hottentots, Colony ob de Cape, Cape Town, am all tenden tu dar own an udder pepels bisness. Egypt an de Pyramids am stashunare, klus tu de Red Sea, here de pepel hab start de red herrin bisness, wich will be a pruvement tu de kummunittee. Joseph, his brudders, an Moses' relashuns, am setteled all ober de worl in shape ob de Hebrew race. Fish am in grate phorce amung de Jews. Abyssinia am nock all tu dam smash bi Massa Lord Napier; King Theodore am kill, an his sun tuck tu Englum tu be edderkated not tu foller in de fut steps ob his farder, dis chile dus not ete ror mete, an lefs hope dat he neber will. At Upper an Lower Guinea de pepel am bout in de same state, mose ob dem still hab no klose, kase de wedder am juss as hot as eber. Soudan, Timbuctoo, de Grate Desert, de Moors in de Norf, de Negroes in de middel, de Caffres an Hottentots in de Souf, am] now an den duin a small trade, but noffin oken]bout. America yu all no stans in de same place,

Amerigo an Columbus hab lef de kuntri, but not de song, 'Hale Kolumber, Happe Lan;' Mr. John Cabot went back tu Englum, but dar am still plenti ob kodfish at Newfoulan. All de United States am de same as befo, onli dey am all frée fo age, kuller, or whate, an I hope dey will remane under wun gubberment frum dis time phorth. Massa Washington, an mose ob dose dat lib in de time ob de Rebolushun, hab gorn tu dar long hum. I hope dose dat kum arter dem will foller in dar futsteps durin dar sta in dis worl, mete tuggedder in de nex dat am tu kum, an stan wid a klere konsence in de presence ob Him—de onli juge ob de hole humen race. Wid dis I will kunklude de lecturer, an as it am de lass I kan gib fo sum time, in konsekenche ob an gagement in de Souf, I hope yu will drop de rino freeli in de plate, tu pa mi suspenses fru de kuntri, shood I fine yu libberel on dis kashun, I will pa yu anudder wisset in bout seben wekes, an de lecters will be on de subjec ob man, woman, lions, tigers, ellerfents, grisle bares, pánthurs, wulfs, rattelensnakes, alhergators, an all udder kine ob insex. Fo yor tenshun durin de fibe lecters dat I hab giben, an de rino yu hab phrone in de plate, I tank yu. I phorgot tu tole yu de reson ob mi gwine Souf, de truf is I am gwine tu get married on nex Wenesda ebenin, fo wich kashun I hope yu will drap a littel extra rino in de plate, an wen I kum back yu shall see ho I hab tuck fo betterer or fo wosserer. In kunklushun, I bid yu all gud nite, an ulso gud bi, an hope yu will not phogot de plate as yu pass out.

NEGRO LECTURE ON LOCOMOTION.

I is what you call a skientific loco-smokive bullgine nigger. I is gwine to gib yu de multiblycation ob de variation. I hab been radder an unfortunate nigger in my day—dar was

five ob us in de family, an I was de smartest ob um all um. I used to tell de udder niggers whedder dey knowed nottin or nottin, I didn't know more dan dey did all de time. De old woman she took a grate likin to me kase she sed I dissembled my fadder; an so I did, he was dark complected, an so did L. So you see, dey gib dis nigger his edjeumfication, an I studied de bumsologus; but all de bumps dat I could find, was de bumps ob de bullgine. Well, I thort I'd go a trabblin, an I starts off for de Norph; while I was dar I gits in a good many sieties; one siety in ticklar, an dat was de mixation siety, I remained in dat siety until I got perfectly disgwasted, an den I leff um. I said something one day in one ob dar boyalition meetins, an dey turn de nigger out. Dar was a question came up fore de house: "Whedder de sun stood still while Julycum Sesar fought his battles." I rose up to comsplain to de members de surdity ob de fack. I told um dat if de sun stood still on its own axletrees it would come in contrack wid de sheanry ob de globe, bust de bullgine, an turn de cars off de track. Berry soon arter dat, I receaped a berlite note statin dat I was compeled from de siety for asswassination ob de meetin, so I bowed berry disgraceful to de president an retired in disguss. Eber since den I've joyed de company ob de white folks; but since I've got used to um I don't mind it much, besides dat; a white man is as good as a nigger if he only behabes himself. While I was dar, I gits quainted wid a white gall; she wanted me to marry her, but her mudder would not stand dat, kase she sed if de people seen us walk down de street togedder, dey'd say she had lost some ob her relation, to see she hab *mournin* hangin on her arm. Well, I didn't marry her, but I gits quainted wid a brack gall dat was dar, an she was so brack in de face dat she couldn't tell when it was daylight, de wool curl'd so tight

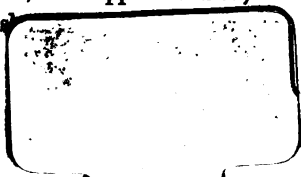
on de top ob her head dat she couldn't shut her eyes, an her nose—by golly! dat was so flat, dat whenever she went to blow it, she had to put tar on her fingers to keep a good hold ob it; at last de poor critter died, an de reason ob her deff was, dat her legs was so crooked de blood couldn't circumlate freely froughout dem—she died ob de delirium triangles. Den I paid my distesses to anudder colored lady, an she had eyes jis like de mudturkle dove, she shot a harrow right slam bang frough de nigger's gizzard. Dar was a gwine to be a caravan come to town one day, so she axed me to take her down to see it, so I took her down to de show, an we seed all de wild beastesses—dar was de hippoekopatamus, de rynossemhoss, de guygraffe, de rangumserus, an de rangumsnou-routang, wid all de udder animals, an she called bullyphant de emigrant. I didn't say nottin, I know'd it was de bullyphant all de time. But what tickled dis nigger most was to see de ladies ride on de bullyphant in such an elephant manner, it throwed de old nigger right up in de highest ob his emigrants. Den I took her into de show to see de big animaconder sarbint. De showman sed it was bout forty feet from de head to de tail, an forty-five feet from de tail to de head; it eats a whole hog, tail an all, an sometimes niggers; when he sed dat Dinar wouldn't stay dar any longer, kase she sed de snake might eat her as it eat mudder Ebe. Besides dat, it was berry warm in dar dat arternoon, berry warm indeed! I axed her how de flemometar stood, an she sed it was flirty-free degrees blow freze. I had to take her out, an as we were gwine throo de caravan, she got animal magumtized, de guygraffe kicked at er. When we got home I heard dar was a gwine to be a ball dat night among de niggers, but I didn't get an invitation, so I thort I'd write one myself, an go down widout any. Arter I gits in de ball,

I gits up in one corner; I didn't say nobody to nottin, nottin didn't say nobody to me. None ob de niggers didn't see me, but it struck me berry forcibly dat I was dar all de time—I kept dark. Byme-bye de brack galls dey see me, an dey gin to come roun me, an try to coax me to dance, well, I told em dat if dey'd coax me a good while I couldn't desiat em. I gits de steam up, an when I gin to dance, dey sed I was double-jointed, but de gals sed my legs was hung on swibbles. Den I went ahead like de baggage car fore de bullgine; I danced so long dat de ole musician bust his claminet all to pieces—one nigger jumped into a barrel ob oyster shells an scraped himself to deff. Anudder nigger got so excited dat he run his head through a board fence an gin to holler “fire!” But to cap all, de ole fiddle nigger he begin te come up some ob dem carlykues ob hisn, an fall ober one ob de benches, an run a knot-hole in his eye. So de ball come to a confusion den, an all de niggers exsited sept me, an I went home. I'd got to be such an unruly nigger, dat de old woman said I must de somethin to take care ob myself, so I set up as a student in an oyster cellar. Arter I had got along pretty well in an oyster line, an trusted out all de oysters to de niggers, I ax um for de pay, an dey said dey had took de benefit ob de axe. So I shut up shop, an got my brudder musician nigger to lara me to play on de instruments; so dey fetch in one to gib me a lesson, dey called it de Wioleius-brasutatus. When I ax how to make de notes, he sed I must go down wid a ladder to get de low notes, dive under de bridge for de middle notes, an take a pint ob yeast to raise de high notes. It took a bullgine to wind up de screws, four pair ob horses to draw de bow, an when dey wanted to stop it dey rolled on an omnibus. Byme-bye dey gin to blow de old instument wid steam, an I turned bullgine nigger; so if dey

get me off de track dis time, dey've got to grease it, dat's all. Dey won't be no niggers fer soon, dey'll all turn to bullgines, all sept de little niggs, an dey'll turn to tea-kettles. Dar won't be any concasion for steam doctors, unless some ob de niggers bust dar bylers, an if dey do dat. dey'll scall demselfs to deff. Speakin ob dat puts me in mind ob de new byler I've been gettin into my sheanry, an for fear dat all de safety valves aint jis as dey should be, I'll raise de steam once more an gib um a trial. So clar de track, niggers, an look out for de cars when de bell rings. (*Imitates a locomotive.*)

DE HAPPE WOMAN.

De happe woman wus born in de Citte ob Regenerashun, in de Parush ob Repentunce unto Life; she wus edderkated at de skule ob obegence, an libs now in Purservershence; she works at de trade ob dilligence, notwithstanding she hab a large state in de kounti ob Kristen Kuntentment, an manni a time dus jobs ob sef-deniel; she wares de plane garmunt ob humillite, an she hab a better sute tu put on wen she go tu kort, kalled de Robe ob Righteousness; she offen warks in de valle ob sef-abasement, an sumtimes klimes de mountens ob hebbenle-mindednes; she breckfass eberi mornin on spiritual prayer, an sups eberi ebenin on de same; she hab mete tu ete wich de worl no's not ob, an her drink am de milk ob honiste. Dus happe she libs, an happe she dies; happe am she ho hab gospel submis



order in her afecahuns, soun peace in her konsherence'
 sankterfien grace in her sole, rele divenite in her brest,
 a vane worl under her fete, an a kroun ob glori ober her
 hed—happe am de life ob sich a woman! tu tane wich, belebe
 furmle, pra furventle, wate pashuntle, work abunduntle, lib
 holle, die dailie, wach yor hart, gide yor senses, redeme yor
 time, lub everybody, an long fo glori.



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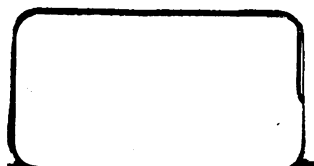
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G. W. MOORE'S
ETHIOPIAN
ANECDOTES & GOAKS.

CHAS H. CLARKE.
13. PATERNOSTER ROW.